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THE ROSTRUM.
The Kingdom of Heaven.
Extracts from Lectures by Mrs. E. A. Wells, at Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, Sunday, December 9, 1888, for the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists.
"Neither can we say, see here it is for the kingdom of heaven is within you." Luke xvii, v. 21.
Heaven is a word of very ancient derivation, and to what language it really belongs or how originated is not positively known to man. That its tendency is to signify something elevating may be inferred from its use—something that man is striving to reach beyond his mortal surroundings. As the eagle is not content to remain near the earth's surface, but aspires for a higher elevation until it reaches the clouds, so the human mind soars aloft, continuously rising until it discovers a heaven. Not of earthly creation, which signifies locality, but of a higher nature which must be considered as a state.
In the kingdoms of earth men rule by means and ways that are material, and plead and command. But in the kingdom of the mind, which is above the earthly, and where souls, spirits, bright forms move, a king rules by influence, not force. They who serve this influence are not servants, but friends; this authority is divine, and obeying its commands we cannot fail in life's mission. It is an authority which adds strength to our being.
Into this we must grow, for the flower of humanity is divine, and as it takes root we find that the kingdom of heaven is within. So there we must look to find it, and woe be unto those who are not fortunate enough to discover its source—in whom there is no light to indicate the way—in whom there are no branches, no celestial fruitage that bespeak of effects that harmonize with the cause.
Thus heaven is a state of merit, of interior worth, and not of the exterior being. We cannot carry our bodies to the higher realms of nature; the spirit lifts nothing of our being that belongs to the graveyard. From earth came the body, and there it must remain. All the figures of speech rhetoric is enabled to produce cannot make heaven a spot or a locality. It must be created through ennobling deeds and purified thoughts, and then the influences of divine nature will descend upon us with wings of mercy in the hour of need or departure from this sphere. But it comes gradually, filling us with its power and peace, and thus we enter its borders step by step as by mutual agreement or consent. Years offer no prerogative to its attainment, nor do they limit its unfoldment. Dante pictured heaven as a condition for aspiring souls; and so it is, for no state of happiness can be reached in the future except through a previous unfoldment of that which warrant its expectation or its realization.
Inferior life soars aloft from its shadowy retreats until it meets the genial sun. So man, through an intuitive longing within aspires to bask in an exhilarating rays of a

life-giving state of existing, which his inner consciousness intimates must prevail in nature. Thus he meets his sun—his spiritual heaven from whence he imbibes that soul-stilling influence needed to satiate the inner self-hood—inhaling it at a probative distance to prevent disastrous effects, and through intermediate laws so wisely arranged in accordance with universal requirements. Such is God, and whom all will see and comprehend as they unfold spiritually.
The kingdom of God and its ruler has been so universally associated with physical force, that a God has been created compatible with human ideas, individually and collectively, making him a potentate that inflicts punishment at his will or command; one that inspires with fear instead of respect, and one that produces suffering rather than to mitigate human ills. A deity that educates conscience to this state is unspiritual, and analogous to men in possession of power that is being abused—a power that resorts to the lash, imprisonment, unjust statutes and other modes that cause suffering, and the reflection of which has undoubtedly been the means of producing the hell of the future.
The creation of a God from such mental states naturally comported with the era of human unfoldment, and the consequential fear and dread that took hold of man in regard to his deity. Prayer may be traced as a result of this condition of mind, being resorted to with a plea for mercy. And count all the prayers that have been incited through the fear of death; that have been propelled in behalf of earthly possessions; that have resounded the world over—what have we learned from it? Men have been converted into cowards. But he whose life is pure and unselfish—lives in accord with truth and justice—cannot fear God. No father is so incompassionate as to make his child fear him. Love exists in life, and is the ruling impulse. Even animals exhibit affection to their kind because they dislike to be feared. Love is spiritual. Then why make God the opposite. If theology does this to create fear in man it has a low conception of our Creator.
God is love, and whoever offends this, places himself in discord with nature. Through it we will find a hell within us, from which there is no escape, and proves that hell has no more a locality than heaven has. But harmony is the first law of heaven, and living in accord with the law of nature creates a happy adjustment of persons and objects; of man with the higher spiritual realms in which those intelligences exist who are enabled to give us the light we need, and where there are no collisions, but peace instead, and where there is justice throughout. Such is the spiritual significance of the kingdom of heaven with its ruling influence. But theologians also speak of an influence of the spirit. The term is agreeable, because it imparts something parental, and brings man nearer to the true God of existence, the centre or all light and life.
Ever since the flood cities have been in ill repute, and to create a heaven of this order would be to associate it with something unpleasant to be called to mind. A state would therefore be preferable, and which it is in fact. There is a subjective heaven—one within that is based on virtues. This we feel growing in connection with us as years roll on, for the elements for its unfoldment exist in every one; and to frame these interior principles in accordance with law is our life work. By obeying the divine commands we reach heaven or heaven comes to us, either. Death, so-called, is only a change of form; recession of consciousness and sensibility; a return to God. Our salvation is to rise and grow with moral nature; to make companionship with purified spirits, and thus find our heaven. And when pure and charitable in thought, we will find ourselves in the end standing at the feet of God.
BENEDICTION.
Our Father, we ask thy blessing for all. Let it come to those that live in palace or hovel, and may every one feel thy protection and love, and look to thee for strength, light and truth from day to day. Amen.

THE EVENING LECTURE
Was an extremely interesting one, being entitled the "Immortality of Spiritualism," though not, as may be supposed, to bring forth an array of unspiritual facts incompatible with a philosophy whose very name signifies the opposite—Spiritualism or spirituality being synonymous with higher science and morality, and therefore does not embrace anything that is unspiritual and immoral. But what is cast on it from without is sometimes regarded as a part of its nature, and in this respect may appear to have an odium attached to it, which, by closer inspection, would prove itself to be but a reflection of some one trying to befoul it. And these same shadows are the sum total of what immortality there is in Spiritualism as the lecturer disclosed in the end to the relief of many, having employed the above as her subject merely in a paradoxical sense to all the more glaringly exhibit the absurdity of charges that are often preferred against a cause because it is new and not yet old enough to be corrupt like those who would portray it so. Spiritualism, said she, receives the same greeting that every new revelation has received; in fact, that every new improvement or invention has been met with, and that is opposition and denunciation in the offset. Every new birth is attended with suffering, and from ages remote every new idea has had to struggle to reach the surface. The Hebrews were obnoxious to the Egyptians; the Protestants saw bloody times, and they again are the bitterest opposers of the last spiritual dispensation. The founder of Christianity was regarded as immoral, because he went among the publicans and sinners to do good. The Quakers were denounced as immoral, because their peculiar method of worship didn't suit the popular taste. The Shakers were no better classified, and prove that the same old weapons remain in constant use throughout the world's history. Lack of spirituality, though, is ever the cause of these onslaughts, and produces a reflection of immortality into whatever purified condition they peer.
Like as in the past, the mediums to-day are charged with deeds of darkness—as being the children of Lucifer. And although there may be found a case where one has become addicted to a bad habit, there are thousands of good church members who have died from the effects of bad habits, but—toll the bell softly, they were not Spiritualists.
In the United States there are three million Spiritualists. Many of them are poor in purse, but none are poor in spirit. Many may be neglectful in advancing their cause as they should do, and thus advance the cause of humanity; and many are unmindful of the importance of organization. But all this is not immortality.
During the past forty years, Spiritualism has had thousands of teachers before the public, and of whom a few have proved themselves weak; but the percentage is nothing compared to other religious teachers, who have been publicly proved to be really criminal—the courts recording priests, ministers, preachers, etc., for all sorts of crimes, and in large numbers. But such draw the attention away from themselves, by decrying Spiritualism, and as for their own religion, it is never mentioned in connection with a criminal. This is only done when the culprit happens to have been connected with Spiritualism in some way, even though he never was a true Spiritualist, one who observed its laws, principles, or tenets, as they are taught by the spirits who conduct this movement, and who teach only that which is pure and moral. But one black spot does not make it all black. There is nothing in this world without a flaw somewhere. And when it is said that there was trouble even in heaven at one time, it cannot be expected that man should be superior to this. Spiritualism even teaches that man cannot change from a debauchee to a saint in a moment, but has to outgrow his disorders and thus requires time to reform those who need it, as well as other moral institutions do.
Of the eighty-one thousand persons arrested in New York last year for all man-

ner of offences, there was not one Spiritualist recorded. Upon inquiry in June last, at the department of charity and of the out door beneficiaries there had never been a Spiritualist among them. And although we have had one case against us in the present year, what is that compared to the rest? Any other denomination would have escaped notice, and perhaps no bill found against the person in question. In this instance the bell was tolled loudly. But this has benefited Spiritualism; both in accession of numbers and to purify its atmosphere; and those that are Spiritualists should take heed and build higher. There is nothing immoral in seeking God through the aid of the spirits; and when charged with immorality ask where it exists. If exceptional cases are pointed out, admit them. But this does not effect it as a cause. Spiritualism will ever remain what it is in truth—the advance guard to true progress, the expositor of the soul's immortality, and man's last and greatest gift from God!
After each lecture a half hour was devoted to giving tests through the medium powers of the speaker, the medium leaving the rostrum and coming down among the audience for the purpose of establishing the necessary rapport for this effect. Though at first appearing to struggle against difficulties to locate the controlling spirit exactly, this is overcome after two or three spirits have manifested, and which is only natural when taking in consideration that the lecture previously given diverts the medium's mind for the time being entirely from that which is to follow; and the two states differing so much from each other, that it may be regarded as a herculean task to cope with both on the same occasion. But Mrs. Wells does, and never fails to make an effect. By degrees she becomes master of the new situation and locates the recently departed mother with words of comfort directly to her youthful sons in the audience, bringing back the recollections of a mother's devotion with an accurate clairvoyant description of the same, and creating a most touching effect on every one present who sympathized with the lady overcome by heartfelt emotion. Such constituted one of her first tests on last Sunday evening, and none but the most powerful could hinder their tears from flowing in harmony with the recipients of this striking test. Others as equally amazing were given which as often brought forth the applause of the audience as a reward of merit for her remarkable success and more particularly her wonderful spiritual gift—the discerning of spirits.
From Our Reporter's Note-Book.
Cincinnati Specialties.
Mrs. Wilson Porter is in the city, and located at No. 16 West Ninth street.
Mrs. Green, the excellent slate-writing medium, has removed to No. 247 West Seventh street.
The Ladies' Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at the Spiritualist Hall, and are doing good and effective work in the interest of our cause.
On Wednesday evening, December 10th, Miss May Bowman will give an entertainment at G. A. R. Hall, in which recitation, and vocal and instrumental music will constitute a part of the program.
Mrs. H. D. McKenzie, of this city, a lady interested in the spiritual welfare of mankind, has gone south in the interest of the widows and orphans of the United Workman, and will return in about ten days to resume her labors in the field here.
Miss May Bowman, who has been in this city on an extended visit, will return to her home in the West in a short while. This young lady has gained many friends here in consequence of her many kind favors bestowed upon our cause, both in lyceum and society matter.
The Spiritualist Lyceum, which meets every Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, at G. A. R. Hall, is progressing finely, much to the encouragement of its leaders. And, to stimulate the children, it is intended to get up a Christmas festival, and give every lyceum attendant a present. Voluntary subscriptions are solicited. Mr. Grooms will be thankful for the smallest mite.

Reported for The Better Way.
The Temple Fraternity School Meeting.
Nov. 18:—The school was opened by the singing of a familiar hymn in which all joined, the invocation was given by the guides of Mrs. Shattuck. Mr. Dunforth followed with appropriate selection bearing upon the object lesson of the day, that of to-day being "Spiritualism." The children then read and recited poems and selections relative to the object lesson, they all did remarkably well and evinced an understanding of the subject that was really commendable.
Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Jones each read beautiful poems on Spiritualism. Mr. F. V. Gregory had another of his interesting talks with the children on the object lessons of the past few weeks, which were Love, Wisdom, Justice, Charity and Truth, all of them being embodied in Spiritualism. He also spoke again upon the symbolic colors of these virtues. Mr. Randall had some good thoughts to express also. Mrs. Shattuck then addressed the school under influence of one who had been interested in the Temple work while here in the mortal, and although not strong enough to hold control for any great length of time, was able to assure the school of her continued interest and assistance in the work.
On this influence leaving, the medium was controlled for a short time by a little child spirit; the exercises were closed by singing and benediction by the guides of Mrs. Shattuck.
Nov. 25:—Owing to the severity of the storm which prevailed in Boston and vicinity, your correspondent did not attend the Fraternity School exercises on that day, but learns from Mr. Ayer that there was a fair attendance, considering the state of the weather. The object lesson was taken up and discussed by the school; a beautiful influence was perceptible throughout the entire exercises.
The school was opened to-day at 10:30 a. m., Mr. Ayer as usual presiding at the desk. After the opening hymn, Mr. Lyman C. Howe who is the speaker for the Temple Society for the month of Dec. gave the invocation, Mr. Dunforth read choice selections filled with gems of truth and wisdom. The children were then called upon for thoughts upon the object lesson, or whatever else they had come prepared to read or recite. Most of them had something to give upon the life of Abraham Lincoln; one of the little ones recited a very sweet little poem; the rest read short selections relative to the object lesson; all did extremely well.
Mrs. Gardner on invitation from Mr. Ayer, recited a beautiful poem, your correspondent was next called upon and read the story of Abraham Lincoln's conversion to Spiritualism as related by Col. Kase of Philadelphia at a Spiritualist camp meeting several years ago. Miss Groger related a little anecdote of Abraham Lincoln, illustrative of his kindness to dumb animals; she also spoke of the beautiful influence that had been with her all the morning in the school; though neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient, yet her spiritual sense was so acute that she could feel the nearness of the spirit friends as they gathered around her, filling her soul with a joy beyond expression. The gates ajar was sung by our organist; then Mr. Howe addressed the school; his remarks were in accordance with the lesson of to-day but dwelt more particularly on the integrity of Abraham Lincoln's character; said though he had faults, and many times did wrong, just the same as we, yet the grand integrity of his character hid all from sight and we forgot all in his sterling integrity of purpose and his strict adherence to what he knew to be right; he was not a politician but a patriot. He addressed the children in closing, telling them they could become little missionaries if they would, in leading other children to learn Spiritualism. Mr. Randall had some good thoughts to give on progress which was one of the object lessons of to-day. Mr. Gregory took Progress also for his subject in his talk with the children; he began by drawing from the children

their idea as to what Progress meant, then he spoke of the different kinds of progression, but the progress he wished to impress more particularly upon them to-day was the progression of their minds in spiritual ways. He showed them how this growth could be made possible in their every day lives, spoke also of the power of thought; how necessary it was to have only the kindest thoughts of their little playmates, for hard thoughts hurt the one toward whom they were projected and were as harmful as an unkind deed.
In closing he gave them Progress as the word to inscribe upon the banner they should fight under. Miss Gardner recited another poem of great beauty, that accorded with the remarks of Mr. Gregory in the power of thought.
The exercises were closed with singing, the benediction was pronounced by Mr. Howe, the school was then dismissed to meet Dec. 9th at 10:30 a. m.
The object lesson of that day will be "Nature." The subject will also be taken up that the children may learn the purpose of spirits in returning and manifesting their presence. Fraternally,
MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL
Valuable Testimony from a Catholic Spiritualist.
To the Editor of The Better Way.
On a recent visit to the northwest, I called on several mediums abroad in order to test the reliability of spirit communion through mediums unknown to me, as well as through those at home with whom I am acquainted, and through whom conviction of this fact has been brought long ago. My first interview was with Mrs. Slosson, of Chicago, where I found what I sought. Friends who passed away in far off Ireland were as near me in Chicago as they were in their old home. All of my immediate family (who passed away in this city) came to me in St. Paul, Chicago and Minneapolis. In the latter city I visited Mr. Geo. L. Woods, a slate-writing medium. Before going to his house I placed my questions in a sealed envelope and laid them between my own slates, screwed down the slates and sealed them with marks on the seals. With these slates under my overcoat, and unknown to the medium, I received a remarkable communication from one who has been coming to me for years in this way—one who has stood high in the councils of the Roman Catholic church, and manifesting as on other occasions. In the same way I received messages on six slates, which may be seen at my house.
Spiritualism is a glorious truth, and is the same that gave to Christ and his followers an insight into the spiritual of existence. This saint of God states, that he found his new home in spirit life different from that what he had anticipated; that hell does not exist, except as a thing to intimidate people and retain certain others in power; and that those who have this knowledge keep it from the people for purposes well known to the world. I am doing all within the scope of possibility to spread this truth, for it leads to happiness.
Yours truly, W. HALLORAN.
285 George st., Cincinnati, O.
A Voice Heard Singing in Sweet Plaintive Strains at the Bottom of a Well.
Considerable excitement prevails in a neighborhood seven miles east of this city, says a Dennison correspondent to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, over the strange freaks a well situated on the Lankford farm. Until recently the waters of this well, served to supply the wants generally of a colored family that resides on the premises, giving no cause for alarm. For the past few days, however, the darkies have given it a wide berth, except when in the company of a sufficient number to give a feeling of security from danger. The strange performance at the well have fully aroused the superstition in their natures, and well they may, if the reports—which, by the way, are fully authenticated by both the black and white people of the neighborhood—are true.
A voice will be heard singing at the bottom of the well in sweet plaintive strains. After a short time the voice will cease, and the buckets will begin to ascend and descend, drawing water without any visible agency for hours at a time. The buckets will finally come to a standstill, and again the voice will be heard. Then the voice again ceases, and the buckets recommence their strange performances. The well has been christened the "singing well," and will no doubt be visited by hundreds from this city and vicinity in the next few days.

Specially Reported for The Better Way.

INDEPENDENT CLUB SEANCE.

Through the Mediumship of FLORENCE K. RICH, at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass.

S. B. BRITTAN.

Friends, as one of the controlling spirits of the band, I am pleased to see so many present, knowing as I do, they are seekers after the light, and that they have been drawn here by that law of attraction that indeed governs every form of life. This is to us an encouraging sign, for the more centers of spiritual thought there are, the sooner a fulfillment of the many prophecies of the great spiritual outcome will be possible; and the more harmonious the workers the more uniform the work and stronger the centers of thought. A spiritual awakening is possible that shall become universal in its comforts, if friends seen and unseen will only join their forces together.

Let old animosities die out; let the broader love and charity be born, until each and every one shall work for a common purpose and a common good. We feel that this avenue of work, as well as all others, in which the truth is served, will ultimate in great good to the world.

EDITH RANDALL.

I wish to send a message to my dear father who is here this afternoon; although I have been gone from his home many years, and I have grown to maturity in spirit, yet I wish him and all the loved ones at home to know I am often with them, and am working for them in my spirit home. I bring many of the band with me to day, to show dear father that I am able to reach him through many channels.

Brother Freddie is also with me and I wish to be remembered to all at home. Tell dear mother I often come to her and smooth her brow, when she does not dream I am near.

JOSEPH SPRAGUE, HINGHAM, MASS.

It will make me happy indeed if I can come and send a few words of comfort to my wife Eliza Ann whom I left only a few months ago, and I know how much I am missed. I had an idea about this life, we used to talk at times about what there was after death, but I had no realization that it was half so beautiful and peaceful as I have found it. I suffered in body for years and was not able to do much work, but I am all right now, and at rest.

Reuben is here and he wishes to send his love to his wife, May, although she will not believe it for I think she is a little out of her head now. Well, that will all pass away, and when she comes up to us she will see all things clear. I want you to tell Joseph I am with him too, and I see how miserable he feels; he must have all the property settled so as to get that off his mind. Lizzie Highlands also sends her love.

DR. WARREN STOKES

Was my name in the body, and as there has been such a short period since my passing out, thought, through the strength given me by the audience this afternoon, to be able to say a few words for myself. I am wide awake now to all that happened during my short illness, and also to my situation now. There are many dear, dear friends whom I love to come in rapport with and much I should be glad to say too, and as I grow stronger in spirit shall be able to bring about results, which will set all things right, and those that were made to suffer at my expense shall be rewarded by and by.

I wish to send loving greeting to my dear sister and her family in Linden and tell them although I passed out in the prime of manhood, I look now at all things and say, 'twas well that it happened as it did, for I can see now much of earthly conditions which I shall escape.

EMMA S. SOUTHWICK.

The sweet strains of the music draw me very near to my loving ones of life, and dear sister as you touch the keys of the piano, I felt that I must let you and mother know I was here, and I am often in the home with you. Tell my dear husband Frank, not to think of me as dead but that my spirit often comes to him to guide him through the rugged pathway of life. I am very happy now in the knowledge that I can return and be with you all, even if I am out of the body, and I see and realize all the thoughts you gave to me.

MRS. PRATT.

How do you do, Mrs. Simmons, I am your old friend, Mrs. Pratt. I am glad to see you occupied in the good work you are doing and success follows in your footsteps. Many of the ladies add who have past on, are here to-day with me, Mrs. Dr. Richardson, Mrs. Taylor, and many more whom I could mention. We have taken up the spirit of the little man who so recently left the care of the Ladies' Aid, and he is very grateful to all, for all that they did for him.

HATTIE GRIFFIN

Is my name. I am from Haverhill, Mass., and have only been gone from my dear home and loved ones but a few short weeks, and my suffering was of but short duration and now I have risen to realize all the beauties of spirit life, for as I was passing out from the body, mother dear stood at the door to welcome me home. Now I have been shown the way back by kind friends, as the spirit return was no stronger in our home, for many times has dear mother

come to me, and talked with me. Tell my husband not to mourn for me, but take good care of our little ones, as I have left them in his care and he must always shield them and protect them for my sake.

I see the dear new home, and also my loved pony, always keep him for my sake. We shall meet again dear husband, we shall surely meet again; in that blessed land of spirits I will wait to welcome thee.

MISS EMMA NICKERSON

Delivered in the evening a very able and concise address, and was listened to by a large and highly interested audience. She chose for her theme

PERSONALITY.

The heritage of the past, the endowment of the future, and true progress means unity in the universe through individual effort. The means to obtain power in personality is, first, to purpose toward an end, second, concentration of will together with the energizing faculties of mind, bearing toward true and practical modes of reform. Jonathan Edwards calls history the "crucible of God," from it we gather only the patched garments of our ancestors but from this soul's old wardrobe, we must weave our own garments reaching up with one hand, down with the other finds the secret of the power in the creative and helpful life. Genius grows from the cultivation of self. Each soul a reflector of personality where others read the inner man.

Stand together, and work for the present age that you may perpetuate virtue and blessings to thy race. Miss Nickerson concluded by reading the preliminary poem written through her hand.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Through the swaying of the branches,
Sighing, sighing in their slumber;
Watched and waited Son Mo-Ha-Ba,
Watched and waited for her lover.
At her feet the swift pine needles
Wove a bed of gold and amber;
There the Indian wooed, sought her,
"Neath the swaying branches found her.

Stilled the night wind in its murmur,
Listened to the pleading lowly,
While the silence found its music,
In the words of love so holy.
Bending there the Indian Maiden
Heard the dripping of the fountain,
Saw the valley with her right hand,
Bade farewell to pine and mountain.

Whispering leaves fell all unheeded,
Leaves that idly, idly whispered,
Curious, where the eyes of morning
Without fear or word of warning.
To the lodge of far off stranger
Came she with her gentle bearing,
All the joys and sorrows equal
With her chief and master sharing.

Bending bows now tell the story,
Of the maiden and her lover,
Truth and trust and love the ransom,
By which life's death angel found her.
Blossoms fair sprang up to meet her
And the voices of the forest
Hid themselves, and spoke their language,
From the lodge of Tan-O-Horos.

Calling, calling through the silence
To the lonely Indian mother,
Who, in silence, pined and languished,
Pined and languished for her blossom,
For the children of her lover,
For her young brave Eagle hearted.
Then the moon shone out in splendor,
Blessing earth with softened radiance,
And she sought the path that led her
To the land of the departed.

Sought and found her hidden treasure,
While the music of the branches
Sobbed in joy, and sobbed in sorrow,
Through the days and nights of mourning.
Bowed the Indian in his anguish,
Breathed the prayer of Mi-Nu-Ta
For the tender hand to guide him
To the soul of Son-Mo-Ha-Ba.

Through the days and years of waiting,
Earth receives her toll and measure,
Till at last with kindly greeting,
In its arms, it wrapped each treasure.
Son-Mo-Ha-Ba tired of waiting,
Bound his blanket all about him,
On the path where gleamed the watchfires
Son-Mo-Ha-Ba sprang to meet him.

Many moons have slowly faded,
But the Indian girl and lover
Living, loving through all ages
Shall belong to one another.
God deals gently with the erring,
Sends through all life's hours of sadness
Lessons fraught with love and wisdom,
That shall end at last in gladness.

Making Hopkins Easy.

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness, but still it is the poor soldier who suffers most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth. Witness the following true story:—

Chaplain—"So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again, and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call me?"

Hospital Orderly—"I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, Sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain—"Why, what did you say to him?"

Orderly—"Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal bid."

"I am," sez 'e.
"Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get better."
"No," sez 'e.
"Opkins," sez I, "you're going fast."
"Yes," sez 'e.
"Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven."
"I don't think I can," sez 'e.
"Well, then, 'Opkins," sez I, "you'll go to 'ell."
"I suppose so," says 'e.
"Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be very grateful as there's a place provided for you, and that you've got somewhere to go. And I think 'e 'eard, Sir, and then he died."—The London Hospital.

Blinks—"Think your wife would object to having you go off duck shooting with me?"

Jinks—"I'm afraid she would if I asked her, but I'll tell my little son to order her to let me go. She always obeys her."

Written for The Better Way.

A Song of Home.

BY J. MADISON ALLEN.

Home ever dear to me, fragrant with love and cheer!
Peace ever tranquilly flows in thy sphere,
Oh have I wandered far, far from thy sacred light,
Never to find elsewhere friendship so bright,
Here souls commune with soul, love makes the heart glow;
Come to this fountain from whence heaven doth flow!

Here are found all the pleasures that earth can bestow.
Here rests the "Sacred Ark," here lies the "holy scale!"
Tokens from loving hearts "sweet home" reveals.
God speaks in happy homes, angels are present there!

Musical from spheres above fills all the air.
Come then, earth wanderers, from near and afar,
To home's sacred shrine, where the "gates are ajar!"
There's no boon to us given like this best one, from heaven.

Note: The above has been set to music, not yet published.

Written for The Better Way.

"Truth Crushed to Earth Will Rise Again."
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error wounded writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

In my short experience, it seems to me that there will shortly be so much dead error as to cause common sense to look far and wide for a large enough coffin to bury it in. Common sense, you know, should be known and possessed, but perhaps he is too expensive and far-reaching for most individuals' possession. Nobody understood this philosophical fact better than did the Greeks, for in one of their mythical stories, we read of one Icarus, who, desiring high flights, rather than the earth plane, cast about in his self-illuminated mind as to how he could better facilitate these voyages into upper air and high flown imagery. Perhaps after many sleepless nights spent in ponderous thinking and weighty reasoning, he reached the sage conclusion that wings of wax would answer every purpose. Well! the wings were made and for a little time he did fly, far beyond other men. I can see him spreading and looking down upon the poor pigmies on the earth plane. At last, however, (oh how sad!) he took an unusually high flight and came too near unto the dominion of old King Sol, which king did, as means of recompense for the man's impertinence, cause the great heat to melt those wings, and lo, the poor high-flyer fell floundering in the inky waters of the river Styx. He soared too high for safety. Spiritualism which is the great Sol, just now bursting upon darkened humanity, melts with a merciless heat, many a waxen wing, and the river Styx, which is symbolical of self-conceit and of ignorance, engulfs many an opinion, thereby sifting the good and casting into oblivion the darkness of many a presupposed intellect.

What is a medium? Why, a human being with an organization calculated to stand between the spirit world and the physical world.

What is an honest medium? A man or woman who will faithfully and unflinchingly give what is given to him or her.

We have learned that a medium is a human being. As a human being, he must eat, drink, and be clothed. Well the medium gives his time, his attention, his vitality, in fact his all to the service of the spirit world, and (I am sorry to say it,) to the service of a humanity which forgets or ignores the human needs of its medium, and which in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred grudges the dollars it gives to sustain the medium's life. When physicians quarrel with media because the media demand fees for their remedies, I think it a fair indication that the world is coming to a pretty pass.

Once more what constitutes man a righteous judge? It seems these are the conditions required: justice, mercy, charity, and beyond all that the judge must be a man in whom all virtues combine to make holy living. As not one of us knows what we would do if we were tempted in any manner, shape, or form, I say that until we have had the experience and have overcome the fault or temptation, or whatever we may conceive it to be, we have no right to judge. It is wrong, it is detrimental to place articles in spiritualistic journals to the hurt of any medium; man, woman, or child. Now regarding spirits becoming distressed because they are asked to give evidence of their own honesty, because they are asked to prove themselves non-falsifiers, for the satisfaction of a self-appointed judge, it may be in the person of a mother or father, sister or brother. Well, why shouldn't they be hurt, grieved or angry even? Spirits are only men and women with their bodies off. They are the same, nothing is wrong with their individuality. Passing out of the physical has not made them machines to be wound up and set in motion to please men. It would seem that reason is of tender cast to the four winds of heaven than otherwise, when men and women begin to investigate spiritualism. They either startle us with some non-sense or else look right and left for some one to quarrel with, because they can't manage the spirit world.

I have corresponded with J. W. Dennis, the medium referred to in S. T. Suddick's article in THE BETTER WAY of November 17th, and have found in him, a man full of earnest purpose, and honesty of thought, word and action. If men and women of this age would spend more time in correcting their own faults, and fitting their own temple for the indwelling of the spirit of God they would find little or no space for uncharitableness, or unrighteous judgment.

HELEN MARK CAMPBELL.

John William Fletcher in Springfield, Mass.

How the Cause Progresses, What is Needed in the Movement.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that I find myself once more in this pleasant and thriving city, where for so many different seasons I have held the most pleasant relations with the people both within and without the ranks. I don't quite know why it is, but I usually have more unbelievers at my lectures than old-time Spiritualists, some of whom, I regret to say, seem to have failed to grasp the true genius of the cause, and have, of late years, drifted away into the realm of personalism. They do not seem to feel that their knowledge of another life brings any responsibility with it other than a quiet enjoyment of a seance with some favorite medium; and so the few are left to do the work of the many, and the ranks of Spiritualism, instead of presenting a bold front to the public, is represented by a few worn veterans and young enthusiasts. I am not much surprised that my good friends, Cephus Lyman, William Branton, A. B. French and others, should either turn to the church or some avenue of business for the support their own followers should have been only too glad to have given. And when the Spiritualists ask the reason, "why these things be?" the answer will be found, not in the weakness or want of fidelity of these noble workers but in their own meagre support of them.

Now I am not writing for any personal intent, individually. I have always had as liberal a financial support as I could expect, but it has come more for the ability to meet the demand of a skeptical public, than as a result of direct work among the "ists." Here the cause sleeps and then rouses itself and sleeps again; and yet there are hundreds who know the truth the angels are bringing to the earth, yet they are too lukewarm to proclaim themselves as outspoken Spiritualists, but in doing nothing themselves, are prone to criticize adversely the efforts of others.

What the Spiritualists want is a declaration of facts and a direct statement of principles, which shall serve as a common centre to work from. The Akeyone, a paper devoted to Spiritualism, is published by Mr. Biddington, and has already been enlarged, making as neat and interesting a little monthly as one could wish to see. It can have but an uninterrupted prosperity, for there is and will be, for a long time to come, plenty of room for all well-directed efforts in the realms of journalism. To Mr. Buddington more than anyone else belongs the praise of bringing the work through the mediumship of Mrs. Carrie Twing, before the public, and the "Bowles Papers," as they are familiarly called, have opened the way to thousands of earnest souls, who were seeking the "Hidden Path." Mr. James Lewis, who is the friend of all the spiritualist papers, ever genial and kind, is always on hand with a Banner or THE BETTER WAY, which he is glad to furnish you, adding, as he does so, "it will surely do you good if you read it carefully." There are not very many public mediums here. The most noted is Mrs. Dr. Clark, who has always held the respect of the community, having relieved many a sufferer when the regular M. D. has declared there is no help. She lives quietly in her elegant little home, surrounded by every comfort, as she ought to be, and will be greatly missed when she answers the call of "Come up higher."

I have been somewhat annoyed of late by being continually asked about my "expose," inferring, as I have at last learned, to a J. W. Fletcher in your city. I know nothing of the case beyond what I have read, and of the man I have never before heard; for his sake as well as my own, I beg to state that I never have given a materializing seance in my life; am not possessed of any power in that direction; nor have I, in any way, been "exposed;" that is, if so, I am not aware of it. I am, and always tried to be, the friend of every worker in our cause. I have often been censured because I would not denounce those concerning whom I personally knew nothing. I am far too busy in my own work to spend my time in fighting anyone. I sincerely trust that my friends will not connect me with an other who has the misfortune to bear the same name.

Bit to return to Springfield. After the lecture on Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. McLough, the proprietor of the Evans House, where I am staying, invited me into the parlor to enjoy some music; there was a pleasant company, and the singing was very entertaining, but it was such a strange company—an opera singer, a Methodist minister, and several of his parish; a Universalist minister and one or two of his followers, and a Spiritualist, all harmoniously bowing before the sacred shrine of music, despite the difference of their theological belief. I couldn't but feel that a glorious thing it would be if we could only have music for our religion instead of Modern Theology. In the realms of one we were all friends, and could join hands in brotherly love; but when we entered the dominion of the other we were miles apart; indeed, could never touch hands together. In the new religion we shall have more music, more art, more of the beautiful and less of creed and dogma. More of Bethoven and less of Calvin; more of love and less of hate, and thereby find at last the great common power that shall unite us all. God speed the day when the love for the good and the beautiful shall be the universal religion, and "peace on earth good-will to men," the only watchword. Ever Thine,

JOHN WM. FLETCHER,

Boston, Mass.

Emerson's Meeting.

The Great Test Medium Secures Communications from the Spirits of Several Departed Citizens of Prominence.

Between 400 and 500 people assembled at the Park opera house Monday night to witness the spirit manifestations that were to be made through Edgar W. Emerson, "the test medium." There was a considerable number of "believers" in the audience, but a very large majority were citizens who attended from other causes than faith in the phenomena of earthly visits from the departed friends.

Mr. E. S. Durban, who presided at the request of a number of citizens, opened the meeting with a few remarks, stating that while there were doubtless many in the audience, who, like himself, did not partake of the Spiritualistic religion, yet there were those who did, and that if it was true, as alleged, that there are twelve million such in this country, they were entitled to a respectful hearing through their representatives, on account of their numbers if for no other reason.

Mr. Emerson read a poem: "Just Over the Way."
Mr. Stevens, of Pittsburgh, sang: "The Beautiful Golden Sometime."
Mrs. Stevens was then introduced, and after passing into the trance state, offered an invocation, followed by a very impassioned address on the subject of Spiritualism.

Mrs. L. L. McGuffin favored the audience with a piano solo, and then Mr. Emerson was introduced.

After a few remarks on the subject of Spiritualism, he passed his hands over his eyes, there was a gurgling sound in his throat, his individuality had gone, and his body was inhabited by the spirit through which communications were to be made. Then the spirit spoke about as follows:

"I see a cloud; it divides and I see an old gentleman. There is a bird hovering over his head. In the cloud I see the word William; William Nightingale. I don't know why the bird was over him; but I see now it is a nightingale. The old gentleman is beside me. He says he wants to communicate with his friends here and to assure them that he lives in the spirit world. I hear the name Annie. He wants to tell Annie that he is often with her, etc., etc."

The spirit then asked if he was right, and a voice in the audience responded: "The name is right."

Communications of a similar nature were received from William Newell, Anthony Henderson, Elijah Barrett, L. L. McGuffin, Robt. D. L. and others.

Between the communications of clairvoyance. Placing his watch against his forehead he announced that it was getting nearer ten o'clock than nine, and turning to David Rigby said: "I see that by the watch in your pocket it is between twenty and twenty-five minutes of ten o'clock." On being informed that he was right he turned to Smith Douds, and with a smile remarked, "your watch is a little slow, isn't it." Douds afterwards told the reporter that he had just turned his watch back two or three hours, in hopes of "catching him." The spirit then talked to Douds a few moments, telling him of the past and future, and said "on this 19th day of October, you are more comfortable in mind than you was a year ago." The mistake in the month is one which any mortal might make; but there are people who think "spirit" don't blunder in that way.

We might also mention incidentally, that it is alleged that Annie with whom the spirit of William Nightingale came to communicate, has been in the spirit land for three months or more and those who scoff at Spiritualism think it strange that the spirit of William, who "is frequently with her," didn't know this. This statement is on the supposition that Nightingale's wife was alluded to; but it is said he has a daughter named Annie now living here.

Mr. Stevens sang "Beautiful Beckoning Hands," and the meeting closed.

We have heard of no converts to the Spiritualistic cause resulting from this meeting.—[Newcastle Daily Courant, November 20, 1888.]

Preacher and Photographer Working the Public together.

A sojourner on the Isle of Thanet has made the curious discovery that there is an outdoor preacher frequenting the beaches of the Kentish watering places who has entered into a private partnership with an itinerant photographer. The course of business is thus described:

After the preacher has gathered his congregation and got them into a placid state of mind by the singing of a hymn, he looks around with a smile and says:

"My friends, before we proceed any further I should like to mention that it has occurred to me that, as we are here assembled, it might be interesting to some of you if a photograph was taken as you sit. Our friend here says that the light is exceedingly favorable and that the operation will not take more than a few seconds. Is that so?"

To which the gentleman with the lens and stand is represented as replying promptly. "Certainly, sir," on which the preacher, addressing the audience, observed: "I hope you will clearly understand that this is quite a voluntary act on the part of Mr.—Mr.—what name?"

"Smith, sir," interpolates the photographer, and the preacher continues: "Yes, Mr. Smith; and that it involves no charge. But, of course, if any of you would like to take away a memento, you are quite at liberty to do so. The copies are—ahem!—what did you say the price was, Mr. Smith?"

"A shilling each, sir," is the answer. "Quite so," ejaculates his interrogator. "Now if you please to keep quite still while Mr. Smith is making his preparations I have no doubt we shall get a beautiful picture and then we will proceed with the service."

Whereupon, we are assured, the photographer gets to work and generally manages to dispose of a dozen copies or so. The first time that the sojourner in the Isle of Thanet witnessed this little scene he was, he says, under the impression that the preacher was simply a good-natured person desirous of giving a poor photographer a turn; but, having since then seen it repeated without variation in the details, he has been forced to a less indulgent conclusion.—[Corr. N. Y. Star.

Mediums in New York.

To the Editor of The Better Way.
I am pleased to state that the demand for your valuable paper is rapidly increasing. Since the peculiar position taken by Mrs. M. Fox Kane, the number of good and reliable mediums in our city have increased. Mediums that are free from the excesses which Mrs. R. and her sister, Mrs. Fox Jencken, are unfortunately addicted. The law governing heredity should be better understood by humanity.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Mayer and their two exemplary daughters, who have recently arrived from Chattanooga, Tenn., are residing at 16 St. Marks Place, Eighth street; they are quite an acquisition to our spiritual circle.

I am daily approached, wherever I happen to be, either in my business office in Wall street, at hotels, among reporters, or in the city courts, by friends and strangers, inquiring where they can find reliable mediums. It is a great satisfaction to be able to give the names of such as Mrs. M. S. Mayer, independent slate writer and medium for etherealization. At one of her recent seances two distinguished judges of our higher courts, whose names I am not allowed to give, were present. Two Jewish gentlemen, both strangers to the medium, bringing their own clean slates with them. One of the messages read: "Dear sons (giving the names) you thought you laid me away to rest in Abraham's bosom; I find I am more truly alive than before the change called death; I am glad you are investigating this grand truth. Your Mother," (giving the name.)

Another strange gentleman called. His first attempt was a surprise to both himself and the medium. The communication read: "The man you killed is here; he forgives you. The limitation is up, and you can return with safety to your native land." (Giving the name and also giving the name of the sister who explained the singular communication by saying that he was a Russian soldier, and struck a superior officer harder than he intended, and the man died in a few days, and caused him to flee to this country.)

Miss Maggie Gaulle, of Baltimore, Md., was here a few days, and astonished many of our distinguished citizens with her fine gifts.

Mrs. E. A. Wells, Mrs. M. E. Williams, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Squire, Mrs. Stoddard Gray and son, and a host of private mediums, are all doing a noble work in spite of all opposition. May they and THE BETTER WAY work with a will to overcome evil with good.

TITUS MERRITT.

Adelphi Hall, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1888.

Written for The Better Way.

Controversy.

I can but express my pleasure at your remarks on violent controversy, for as soon as we reach that line where the one wishes to own the other for his own use, a backward movement commences toward anger, producing disorder, ill health and disease. But as long as we each admit we are not complete, and can learn from each other, listening with pleasure, remaining master of ourself, then we learn and grow in pleasure, health and happiness. To illustrate upon your illustration:—

"We have a casket filled with dirt, we offer to fill it for you with gold; but the casket is yours, and you must make the gift possible by emptying out the dirt; by refusing you refuse to accept the gift by the rejection of the only condition which makes the gift possible."

Now I would say here is dirt. Dirt is good, for all things are pure in nature. If I do not tell him where to put the dirt first, he will keep it, and feel there is a sense of wrong somewhere. So I tell him to empty it in the garden. Now there is no room for the gold. It is solid, bright and pretty, but lying there idle, it is not worth as much as the dirt in the garden. Now I will send selfishness out to hunt up the poor needle woman, the sick, the man out of work, the younger generation wishing to enter into business, the merchant in distress, and above all, the many thousands suffering under conditions into which they are born, for I see that God has all alive, and it is my duty to do so too.

Now, friend Barney, in the temple of life I have built one block upon yours pleasantly, as a fellow workman you in turn, if you wish, can as readily put another upon mine, as the material for progress always exists, and the controversy remains calm.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

Cincinnati, November, 1888.

Good Words.

"Count that day lost whose sole descending aim
Views from its heights no worthy action deem."

In the words of the illustrious reformer, "Whose soul goes marching on," we would say, Let all seek to so live that at the close of each day we may look back and retrace our steps and review our actions, and see that each day brings to us something new, either in spiritual growth or mental improvement, and if we have been actuated by kind words and thoughts to every one whom we have met, in social or business transactions, throughout the day. Then indeed may we say that the day is not lost to us; neither has the sun gone down without leaving us the peaceful thought that we have endeavored to act worthily in all things or in every duty assigned us.

READER.

East Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 23, 1888.



The Biggest Giant on Record.

"We will have another Giant story this morning," said Jennie to the little group of listeners, as they gathered together waiting for the afternoon's instructions.

"You have all heard of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob of the Bible. Now I will tell you some of the old legends about Abraham. He was born 1948 years after the creation of the world. The night he was born there was a strange star in the east, and it seemed to run from one side of the heavens to another, and to devour the stars that were there, and the people said the son of Terah (Abraham's father) would be great and powerful, conquer and de-throne great princes and seize their possessions, and they hurried and told the King, advising him to have the child killed and pay his father in money for him.

"So King Nimrod sent gold and silver to Terah, asking him to sell the child; but he refused, as any father would. Then the King threatened to burn his house unless he would let the child be killed; finally one of his slaves bore a son just then, and so he gave Nimrod this child, telling him it was his son Abraham; and the child was brought before Nimrod and slain, while Terah had Abraham, his mother and his nurse concealed in a cave.

"One version has it that Nimrod caused 70,000 male children to be killed in the effort to kill the right one, (Abraham.) When Abraham had been in the cave ten days, he came out, and on seeing for the first time the sun shining in the heavens, he supposed it to be a god, and worshipped it; but when it set at night he said, 'The Author of Creation cannot set; and so when the moon arose and the stars came out, he supposed the moon to be God and the stars his host, and so he worshipped the moon; but when the moon set he found it was no God either.

"When he walked abroad and saw all the flocks and herds, he asked, 'Who is Lord of these?' and being told by his mother it was Terah, his own father, he said, 'Who is Lord of Terah?' She said 'Nimrod.' 'And who is Lord of Nimrod?' The wise mother thought he was going too far, and so hushed him up.

"I suppose you are astonished at a child only ten days old asking all these questions, and walking about. Well, his mother was also astonished when she missed him out of the cave, and was looking for her baby and crying. She met Abraham, but he had grown so tall and large she did not know him till he told her who he was. He told his mother it was a miracle, so that all might know the one true and living God or Giant who ruled all things. 'Now, mother,' said Abraham, 'go and tell to King Nimrod these things.' 'So the mother told her husband, and he bore the message to Nimrod, and the King was alarmed, and counselled with his great men as to what should be done with Abraham. The wise men laughed at him for being afraid of a child only ten days old, when he was King and God of the world. But Satan came in disguise, and told Nimrod to arm his warriors and march against the baby. This was done, and when Abraham saw the host drawn up for battle he cried to heaven with many tears, and Gabriel came and snatched and enveloped him in clouds and fled with him to Babylon, reaching that city in an instant of time, though it was forty days' journey. Abraham there proclaimed himself the servant of the great Giant—the Lord of Nimrod—and then he sought his parents and bade his father go and fulfill his command to Nimrod.

"When Nimrod heard of all this, he was curious to see Abraham. The child went boldly into the throne room, and, going to the foot of the throne, he said, 'Woe to thee, accursed Nimrod, blasphemer of the Giant. Acknowledge thou the Giant who created the world,' As Abraham said these words, all the idols in the palace fell down, and the King rolled from his throne in convulsions, and remained in a fit for two hours, and when he came to be owned the Giant as the King of Kings, and allowed Abraham to live in peace in his father's house."

When Jennie had related thus far of the life of Abraham, she said, "I will let the story rest now till next time, as there is enough of it for several lessons, and now we will have our plays and games."

"I was just thinking," said Minnie, "how many things in this tale are like Bible stories—the star in the east, the murder of boy babies for fear that some king will lose his throne, the downfall of idols, and the interference of Satan and Gabriel. I do believe all religions are much alike, and all old-time stories too."

"Yes, so father says," said Ella. "History repeats itself, and even fictions do the same."

"Oh! yes," said Annie, "it's like the odd poem Lincoln used to admire so much—"

"For we are the same our fathers have been,
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same wine and see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run."

"The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it needs for us all like a bird on the wing."

Affectionately, AUNT ELMINA.

Speak Kindly.

Each day seems to bring evidence that the world is growing in goodness and true kindness. I look back some forty-five years and see the cruelties practiced on dumb animals and on school children, and think of the harshness and hardness in so many homes—the whip sticking up in a conspicuous place as a terror to the child—and marvel at the change a few years have brought forth.

In those old days I preached against the rod, just as I do now, but so far recognized it as a possibility that the young could be raised without the infliction of bodily pain, that I was always one against the many, even as I am now when pioneering reforms that are just as sure to become popular by and by as kindness has become in lieu of cruelty. There is still room for more and more of the kindly feeling to come in, and I hope that each reader of this Corner will bear it in mind, and sow the seed of real heart-kindness, and cultivate the plants by speech and by deeds.

I have been taking a little paper called "Our Dumb Animals" for several years past. It is "powerful" pious, but it has a word of true, genuine good in it. From it I select the following items as illustrating the good influence growing out of kindly words and deeds—

"The Tartars have a way of living with their animals, which is truly astonishing. They talk to them, and when they wish to encourage them, they whistle to them as if they were birds. If they do not travel well they address to them gentle reproaches; and when special effort is needed on their part, they say to them, 'Come, my doves, you know you must go up there; courage, my pets; come, go on!' And when the difficulty is accomplished they get down from their box and praise and caress them, allowing them to rest and breathe—patting them, stroking the hair on their foreheads between their ears—indeed, caressing them in every way, and treating them like much loved pets."

"One of the best ladies in Massachusetts, near Boston, had a canary bird which she dearly loved. She had never spoken to it an unkind word in her life. One Sunday the church organist was absent, and she remained after service to play the organ for the Sunday school. It made the family dinner an hour late, and her husband, when she came home, spoke impatiently. The dinner was put on and they took seats in silence, and the little bird began to chirp at her as it always did.

"To shame her husband for speaking as he had, she turned to the bird, and, for the first time in her life, spoke to it in a violent and angry tone, and then was silent. In less than five minutes there was fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage. The bird was dead."

"When I was in New Orleans, at the time of the International Exposition, Mrs. Hendricks, wife of the late Vice President of the United States, came there and told a friend of mine, who told me, that she once knew of a mocking bird being killed in this singular way."

Affectionately, AUNT ELMINA.

Nature vs. Art.

Driving a slow-moving donkey to the mill one day, a countryman conceived the idea that trimming down its ears to the dimension of a horse's, would improve its nature or its intellect to a like degree, and, acting on the suggestion of the thought, he made the poor donkey look extremely ridiculous, at the same time drawing the ridicule of the villagers upon himself. In trying to make an improvement on the ass, he made an ass of himself, simply. Thus it is with many people in this world—making fools of themselves by trying to improve on God's works, his decrees or methods of enlightening mankind, and most especially in trying to further their suggestions in regard to spiritual manifestation, or regulating spiritual phenomena. Time advances slowly but surely, and growth follows in its wake; and those who accept nature's offerings as they present themselves are the wisest, while those who try to improve on them will surely blunder like the countryman who trimmed the donkey's ears to improve its intellect.

SUNNY SOUTH.

Mr. (Isaacstein to school teacher)—"How was that little Jacob getting on with arithmetic?"

School Teacher—"He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein. He is in percentage now."

Mr. Isaacstein—"Was dat so? Vell, don't you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundred percent. He was too young yet to study very hard."—New York Sun.

Railroad Superintendent—"Any of the passenger cars need repairing?"

Head Examiner—"Yes, sir; No. 306 is in very bad shape; ought to go to the shop at once."

Railroad Superintendent—"What's the matter?"

Head Examiner—"Two of the windows are so loose that any ordinary man can raise them, sir."

Master of His Trade—Jeweler—"Yes, sir; I will engrave anything you wish on the ring without extra charge."

Young Man—"Well, inscribe on it 'From George to Alice'."

Jeweler—"Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe?"

Young Man—"The fact is, this is an engagement ring."

Jeweler—"Ah! My young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply, 'From George.' Then it will do for anybody."

THE CHILDREN'S Progressive Lyceum Department.

Liberty.

Liberty is a pure, a holy, a divine and a healthy sentiment which unites man forever and forever with the eternally true and free.

He is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside.

Liberty is freedom to serve truth, freedom to live a life of truth in obedience to one's highest convictions of right and duty.

Liberty is a divine and holy realization of our nearness to divine law and order and the willing subjection of all our material inclinations to immortal guidance.

Genuine liberty is liberty for the soul, for the spiritual nature, for the immortal mind over which Death can have no power, and the grave no victory.

What is natural for man?

To love happiness and to search for it? It is natural for the human family to try every experiment until they find happiness.

What is discipline and an educational institution?

That in this life, and that which is to come, if darkness and discord, pain and trouble assail us it is simply a school through which we must of necessity pass.

Why is it natural that we should be ordained to happiness?

That as the Eternal Parent is an infinitely happy spirit, all children of the one Great Eternal are, by the essential and unchangeable constitution of their being, in the same condition.

How can happiness be attained?

By purity, truth, love, knowledge, and wisdom.

What did Socrates say?

Happiness, goodness and knowledge are all one, while evil, darkness, ignorance, and misery are all one and inseparable.

What is in compliance with divine order?

That all souls will at length be happy, all lives eventually flow together in one divine channel, and all feet march together up that great hill where all life's sorrows will change into the fullness of eternal harmony.

What is the sight of God to the pure in heart?

The full perception that everything is good and for the best; that all life will turn out well, and all ways lead, in time, to the terminus of the celestial city, the shore of eternal happiness.

What is it to see God?

Perceiving spiritual truth, love, wisdom, and goodness.

What is the knowledge of the soul, and the perception of the interior nature?

When we find divine justice ruling and governing all; and divine wisdom, love, and truth presented to our sense and intellect.

In the years to come, what will be perceived by growth and progress?

That religion will cast aside its outward dress, its pagodas, temples, and churches. They will be considered things of the past, and no longer needed.

Where does true religion appear?

Where people worship lovingly and truly the eternal God; whose hearts are full of gratitude to the eternal fount of all, and they love the eternal with all their hearts, their souls, their minds, and with all their strength; then fear and dread is gone forever.

Can we be religious, and yet enjoy perfect freedom?

Yes; for you then can serve your father and mother from pure love—you do not fear them if you love them perfectly.

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, willful, ignorant, peevish and perverse, hath true charity.—Thomas a Kempis.

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of experience into gentleness, gratitude into benefits, and insults into pardons.—Amiel.

Sometimes ideas are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look upon us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones.—George Eliot.

What a Rev. Thinks of Women.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Simmons will probably not hear the last of these words for some time. They were spoken in an address before the Baptist publication society.

"Beautiful as woman was when God created her, we cannot deny that, in morals and religion, she was a deplorable failure. From the day she turned her back upon God and God's word (both of which things she did without any influence from Adam), she became a heathen. Heathenism originated in her heart."

Daughters of Eve.

Mrs. George Hirsch, of Navarro county, Texas, gave birth to six children on the afternoon of Nov. 3. The mother and children are doing well, and the father is reasonably happy.

It was an old woman in Indiana who invented the whisk broom, and millions of them are whisking from daylight to dark without her having made a cent out of the invention.

A college of carpentry for women has been started in the old university town of Cambridge, England. It is intended not so much to teach the trade as to develop manual dexterity among women.

Mrs. Phoebe G. Ellis, of Sidney, Me., is a smart old lady. She is 91 years old, and is as vigorous as most women of half her age.

Last fall she wove forty yards of flannel and table linen, sheeting and rag carpet besides. She has children in Montana, Wisconsin, California, Maine, Michigan, and Massachusetts, and lives in the house in which she was born.

B. W.

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The History of Jesus and

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THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.

EVERY SATURDAY.

L. BARNEY, EDITOR.

CINCINNATI - DECEMBER 15, 1889.

At Two Dollars and a half per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Three Dollars to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application.

THE BETTER WAY cannot well undertake to reach the honesty of its many subscribers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the post office address of THE BETTER WAY is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE BETTER WAY goes to press every Wednesday.

Success is found in the work we love.

As personalities enter into controversy truth vacates.

Truth is an attribute of every soul; and, as charity rules, it is enabled to come to the surface.

Learn through experience, by indulgence and suffering; or through intuition, by self denial and abnegation.

We call special attention to our Boston notes, in this week's issue, as they contain matters of prime interest and importance.

Fault-finding never remedies an evil, but rather tends to becloud a man's intuitions so that he has nothing good to suggest instead.

The more self-love a man possesses, the less love he has for others; and, as this condition of soul intensifies, he becomes embittered with life and his surroundings generally.

Among the messages this week is one from Jonathan M. Roberts, through the mediumship of Dr. Peirce, which may be of interest to some readers to know.

Charity leads to justice or a right judgment of effects, for it is an effort to be just; and by its practice develops a force of soul which accords with divinity. Harmony with divine nature constitutes intuition or opens the soul to truthful inspiration.

In a letter to THE BETTER WAY, the guides of J. William Fletcher, of Boston, say, "Punish your enemies with your success." We shall endeavor to be successful, whether we have enemies or not; but shall pay particular heed to the warning, in the event of being unfortunate enough to have enemies.

Messrs. J. B. Lippencott & Co. announce an edition of "The Quick or the Dead" for the center table and the library. This is an improvement indeed, if true, but who has attended to the laborious duty of expurgation? Who has written the explanatory notes? Who has made plain the scriptural allusions? Who has supplied the voluminous glossary? And, finally, who has fumigated the grand hotchpotch of slush? When these questions are answered, we will ask a few more.

Like attracts like in all cases, whether for good or evil, and those who are charitable are as likely to make mistakes as those who are fault finding. But it is better to err on the side of the good than on the side of the evil; for the former tempers with mercy, while the latter goes to the other extremity, with only darkness in view. Man simply sees things as they are reflected on his aura, and from which his interior nature may be judged.

Some Spiritualists discuss Spiritualism as if there were two grades of this truth. There is but one, and but one is possible. It has nothing to do with latitudinarianism, nor skepticism, nor theology. In all things it desires exemption from lies and humbug, and heartily longs for truth. Much truth has been gained, and it is searching for more. Industry, honesty and meekness will eventually bring to it the perfect revelation.

Mrs. N. T. Brigham's discourses are surely inspired by truth, and all her utterances are ingratements of its potency. She impresses the listener by her earnestness and self-consecration to truth, as well as by her reverence for all that is good and seemly—hence her great efficiency upon the rostrum. Her power of conviction is phenomenal, unavoidable, for she distributes truth among her audiences.

Just as a woman might be the last of a sect, that, twist her hands, into the kneeling position she breaks and crumbles on her rising bread."

"Leaflets of Truth; or, Light from the Shadow Land," by M. Karl, is a book that is intended for the student in spiritual science, or one who is interested in the causes of things generally occurring in Spiritism. Among the questions answered in this book, are, why fire mediums are positive to heat; why spirits conduct suffering in sensitives; the condition of the wrong-doer in spirit life; do spirits visit other worlds; the benefit of prayer; what is inspiration, evolution, will, God, etc. Address M. O. Weller, post-office drawer 277, Watertown, N. Y. Price 75 cents.

"Physical Proofs of Another Life, given in Letters to the Seybert Commission," by Francis J. Lippitt, is the title of a 65-page pamphlet just issued by the publishing house of A. S. Witherbee & Co., of Washington, D. C. To be in possession of this book is to have a condensed knowledge of Spiritualism from its scientific aspect and the most practical document that can be placed in the hands of a skeptic or an investigator. For this reason alone every Spiritualist should secure a copy, in the event of being called upon for statistics that are officially vouched for. The book may be had on application to THE BETTER WAY. Price 25 cents.

O. V. M. A.

The Ohio Valley Missionary Association is now ready for effective work, and will begin its operations just as soon as requisite. The aim of this organization, to further Spiritualism through the establishing of minor circles, is worthy of praise, and should be encouraged as much as possible; for it is in this direction that we must look for a firm basis and a future in our cause. It is in the family circle where the best forms of mediumship are unfolded; and converts gained through these means are generally of a more solid nature than those made in the flash of a hurried public seance, and running off into enthusiasm at one moment and dejected the next because of a little doubt that there might be something wrong. This organization proposes to aid in the forming of circles all over the state; and by addressing the secretary, Mr. C. C. Sowell, printed constitutions, giving directions how to form their circles, may be had free of charge. Beginning on the first Wednesday, the society will meet on every Wednesday evening after that, to discuss matters that may be in hand.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

As a Christmas gift we will send to any new subscriber, who will send us, with the name and the post office address, \$2.50 in post-office money-order, check, express money-order, registered letter, or cash. THE BETTER WAY from this date until the 15th day of January, 1890, or from any date between this and new year.

THE BETTER WAY has a large number of excellent and able contributors, with a promise of additional ones during the coming year; and much valuable information will be lost if this opportunity is not seized while the offer is being made.

Besides a series of articles on the philosophy and science of life, the January number will contain a new story, entitled "A Promise to the Dead," by a notable writer and inspirational speaker. A youth's and message department, a lyceum column, and a humorous corner—all help to make up a family paper as there is none existing in the catalogue of Spiritualist publications to-day.

THE CAUSE IN NEW YORK.

If "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church" were to need confirmation, it would be found in the recent tribulations and present condition of Spiritualism in the city of New York. Not that Spiritualism is a church, but it has had its martyrs after the good old style, with abundant promise of more; and from them have already sprung good results. Some of the Spiritualist Societies have doubled their membership and quadrupled their congregations since the formation of the Machiavelian conspiracy, less than a year ago, to crush out Spiritualism, and therefore its raids, persecutions and misrepresentations have had an effect quite contrary to their motive, and especially condemnatory of the pharisaical policy which prompted this wickedness. It is the same old story over again of wonderful growth through the severest storm of persecution.

Our correspondent at New York informs us that on Sunday last, Adelphi Hall, where the First Society assemblies, was filled with a great multitude of eager seekers after truth, morning, afternoon and evening, and that the inquiry for first-class spirit mediums in that city far exceeds the supply. This is a significant revival, and an expression of interest quite unusual in New York, which is essentially a materialistic city. Here is where Mme. Dias Debar was charged and condemned for a crime she did not commit, and punished after her innocence was abundantly proved, simply because she was a spirit medium! Also, where raids upon spirit mediums were a few months ago organized by ruffians, who carried with them the paraphernalia to establish the "fraud" they professed to seek, and after Rev. Talmage's fiery proclamation that "no witch should be permitted to live," armed themselves with revolvers to emphasize the blood-thirsty edict of the Christian pulpit. It is a wonder that the cowardly scoundrels killed nobody.

The Adelphi Hall Society is that for which Mrs. Brigham leads in the ministry of truth, and it is scarcely remarkable that hosts of eager listeners crowd in to catch the words of wisdom which flow so melodiously from her inspired tongue. It is more remarkable that a speaker so wise, so fertile in illustration, so prudent, eloquent and instructive upon every theme she essays, does not need a hall of greater capacity than the largest church edifice in New York, to accommodate her hearers. It would be better for poor humanity there if this were the condition.

SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism has come into the world as a need of humanity, and will remain just as long as conditions warrant. These conditions are embodied in man as a law, an absolute principle or force of nature which can no more be impeded or exterminated than the laws which govern the heavenly bodies. And those who make the attempt will injure themselves most; for any transgression on a law of nature has the same effect as self-mutilation, in which event the transgressor suffers. To live in harmony with a law is to remain in its current and go placidly along with the running stream; submit to its flow and yield to the influence of its power—thereby being carried, without dissent, to its tranquil waters where peace and harmony reign supreme. Those who resist or oppose, by self-assurance or mistrust, become lost in the murky waters of its uneven shores, and can neither reach land nor see the light of its central force—its fount. And once within the stream there is no return to the firm of materiality; for without being governed by this law, as a part and parcel of the same, they would never have been drawn into the vortex from the start, and like malcontents, or insubordinate beings, are cuffed and subjected to all manner of inharmonious elements—mocking spirits, misconceptions, blunders, hallucinations, errors in life, and thus engulfed in a dubiousness which makes them discontented with everything and everybody, and envy those who sail along smoothly, finding fault with them for doing what is right, and then, amidst all their darkness, pretend to know what is best for everybody else, when they don't begin to know what is good for themselves. Obedience to this law, the law within you, is the first lesson to be learned, and those who apply themselves most studiously to the task will reach the light in advance of the tardy scholars, the mistrustful and often misguided ones. Mistrustful because they believe in their own enormity beyond that of any other God, and misguided because they trust too little to those who really have the power and light to lead them right. Kind spirit friends are ever ready to lend a helping hand. If not enabled to do so through these erring ones direct, are still on hand to speak through instruments they can control for this effect. 'Tis not our troubles which burden us so much as the difficulty in finding our way out of them. And such is the spirits' mission to those who seek their aid in things material. But in order to aid us thus we must be in rapport with them; not with those in the murky waters, who know no more than we do, but with those in the central current; and to reach them we must forget self, yield to the pressure of the law, which whispers, do right, be just, withhold reproach, and in obedience to this we find our heaven.

"There are who give themselves to work for men,-- To raise the lost, to gather orphaned babes And teach them, pitying of their mean estate, To feel for misery and to look on crime With ruth, till they forget that they themselves Are of the race, themselves among the crowd, Under its sentence and outside the gate, And of the family and in the doom."

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

II.

A main difficulty in the discussion of this question springs from the idea a majority of people have that they can answer it in few words. It is the problem of the ages. If it does not teach us how to live, Education fails of its great purpose. Then our preliminary step must obviously be, to classify, in the order of their importance, the leading activities which constitute human life. From our outlook these are—

1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation.
2. Those which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation.
3. Those which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring.
4. Those which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations.
5. Those miscellaneous activities which make up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

It seems to us that these considerations now stand in their rational order of subordination. Clearly the actions and precautions by which we secure personal safety, must constantly take precedence of all others. Were it possible for a man to be as ignorant as an infant of all surrounding objects and movements, and of how to guide himself among them, he would pretty certainly lose his life the first time he ventured into a city street, notwithstanding the greatest amount of learning he may have on other matters. And as entire ignorance in all other directions would be less immediately fatal than total ignorance in this direction, it must be conceded that knowledge directly conducive to self-preservation is of primary importance.

And none will question that next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation which consists in acquiring the means of living. That man's industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones, is manifest from the fact that, speaking generally, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of the industrial ones. The power of self-maintenance necessarily preceding this power of maintaining offspring, it follows that knowledge needful for self-maintenance has stronger claims than knowledge needful for family welfare—is second in value to none save knowledge needful for immediate self-preservation.

As the family comes before the State—as the rearing of children is possible before the State exists, or when it has ceased to be, whereas the State is made possible only by the rearing of children—it follows that the duties of the parent demand closer attention than those of the citizen. Or, to use a further argument, since the goodness of society ultimately depends on the goodness of its citizens, and since the quality of its citizens is more readily modified by early training than by anything else, we must conclude that the welfare of the family underlies the welfare of society. Hence knowledge directly conducive to the first must take precedence of knowledge directly conducive to the last.

Those various forms of pleasurable occupation which fill up the leisure left by graver affairs—the enjoyments of music, poetry, painting, the drama, etc.—manifestly imply a pre-existing society. Not only is a considerable development impossible in this direction without a long established social union, but their very subject-matter consists in great part of social sentiments and sympathies. Society not only supplies the conditions of their growth, but also the foundation of all their ideas and sentiments. Hence, that part of human conduct which constitutes good citizenship is of greater moment than that which goes out in accomplishments or exercise of taste; and, certainly in education, preparation for the one must rank before preparation for the other.

The best ideal of education is complete preparation in all the divisions indicated; but failing this, as in our complicated civilization every one must more or less do, the aim should be to maintain a due proportion between the degrees of preparation in each. Not exhaustive preparation in any one, supremely important though it may be; not even an exclusive attention to the two, three or four divisions of greatest importance; but attention to all,—greatest where the value is greatest, less where the value is less. For the average man—not to forget the cases in which peculiar aptitude for some one department of knowledge rightly makes that one the bread-winning occupation—the desideratum is a training which approaches nearest to perfection in the things which most subserve complete living, and falls more and more below perfection in the things that have more and more remote bearings upon complete living.

"The soler comfort, all the peace which springs From the large aggregate of little things, On these small cares of daughter wife or friend, The almost sacred joys of home depend."

DECLINE OF THE CHURCHES.

At the conference of Protestant clergymen and laity, held at Chickering Hall, in the city of New York, during several days of last week, the most interesting subject of discussion was involved in the question, "Why are our Churches Empty?" This conference had been largely advertised, and many prominent clergymen made a vigorous canvass of New York and Brooklyn, to the end that a large attendance might be secured. The hall was full.

Mr. John Jay presided, and occupying the platform with him were many prominent people in the business and theological world. "The object of this conference," Mr. Jay announced, "is to inquire if some means cannot be devised by which this city can be religiously improved. One great menace to our institutions is the foreign element. In London the foreign element is 2 per cent. of the population, while in New York city it is 80 per cent. To this element is largely due the great increase of crime; the rapidly accelerating increase of the liquor saloons; the packed primaries; the powerful influence of the ward heclers. We are here to see if something cannot be done to improve the condition of this element, and thereby improve our government."

Eminent speakers addressed the meeting. The means proposed for the improvement of the foreign element was to induce these people to attend the Protestant churches. No other means of grace was thought of. Protestantism was falling far behind the growth of the city, one contended, and, very curiously, another said that "there are 550,000 Protestants in the city of New York, and less than 100,000 of these attend church. Religious fervor," this speaker continued, "seems to be dying out, and there are many forces at work to aid in the decrease of Protestant fervor. They are Romanism, with its grand loyalty to foreign ecclesiastical power; Judaism, infidelity, Spiritualism, and the selfishness of professed Christians." Others drew very gloomy pictures of the condition of the city and the churches, and predicted calamity to orthodoxy, unless prompt measures were adopted. At a period during which the population has doubled, the number of Protestant churches has decreased! There was much more of the same sort of frothiness over the situation, and no lack of ignorance as to its cause.

It is patent to the minds of experienced observers that the Protestant churches in the United States have been weakening for many years, until their characteristics have undergone a very abrupt change, almost a transformation; but as a rule they have always been proud, tyrannical and bloodthirsty, and have recently essayed a degree of aristocratic arrogance quite foreign to that which is supposed to be their humanitarian design. This is literally true in the large cities, and here clergymen are to blame for such condition, for, if they have not encouraged it, they have certainly entered no protest against its

unrighteous incursions. "For both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the Lord." "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings." (Jeremiah xxiii, 11, 21, 22.)

But Protestantism and Romanism have their safest foundation in the ignorance of the people. They are institutions of priest-craft, and cannot do the works of righteousness. Their decline is a blessing to civilization, for it indicates increasing intelligence of the people. They have as little relation to morality as power to refined gold, but "devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer." They make merchandise of so called religion, and are affrighted only when its fiscal interests are threatened. These are not so easily rehabilitated as in the ages when the church had the power to accuse rich men of "heresy," burn them without trial, and confiscate their estates for the glory of God and the riotous living of bishops and priests; and now it sometimes becomes a question with bishops and priests as to where they will obtain an adequate supply of bread and butter.

Could there be a more complete confession of weakness than that made by this Protestant conference? Of those who are supposed to owe duty to its churches, less than one-fifth respond! Instead of progressing with civilization, its cause has retrograded! Immorality and crime thrive in its stronghold! And these calamities it charges to the foreign element in our population. Stuff and nonsense! Rather charge it to "the foreign element" in the system—to its failure to respond to the wants of the people; to its lack of sympathy with humanity; to the forced control of "many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers" * * * who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not, for the sake of filthy lucre." What has the foreign element to do with the absence from church of 450,000 New York Protestants?

People generally are not anxious about Protestantism, nor Romanism, nor Judaism. They prefer something founded in reason; something which carries the evidence of truth, and appeals to their common sense. Is there real strength in orthodoxy? It would seem not, when a woman's novel, like "Robert Elsmere," affrights its most eminent shepherds. As a rule, it is known that all accounts of "miracles" are fables; that Elijah did not go up in a chariot of fire; neither was a child torn of a virgin. Christianity, as represented to day, is founded upon the trashiest superstitions imaginable, and its acceptance by men and women with independent habits of thought is impossible. They must have something which reason does not condemn as an absurdity, and they are remaining away from the "box churches to look for it. Their search will not be in vain. Orthodoxy, in its modern guise, is an offence to the intelligence of mankind, and its teachers are either intellectually blind or moral hypocrites. These are rough words, but any other conclusion is impossible. And any other conclusion is scouted by the best minds of the age as fraudulent and presumptuous, even as an indignity to conscience as well as to reason.

Conventional religion has had its day. Its decline began several years ago, but that which is to-day represented as orthodoxy was kept alive out of respect to prejudice. Thousands professed to accept it through fear of losing caste; through fear of that which they mistook for public opinion; through fear of their neighbors; but when one determined man in a community was brave enough to declare his disbelief in its fantastic pretences, he was at once greeted by a strong and desirable following, and the backbone of prejudice was broken. In our free and happy land to-day there are many neighborhoods where it is regarded as approximately felonious to doubt the story of Jonah, but such dark places are becoming rapidly enlightened. If, two hundred years ago, a man, woman, or child in New England had questioned the final resurrection of the body, the questioner would have been severely punished, and to speak without great respect of the prophets, patriarchs, apostles, or the local "minister," was a very serious crime. People were not permitted to doubt and inquire, but forced to believe the crudest absurdities, or keep silence; forced to swallow the entire catalogue of orthodox inconsistencies,—actively or passively,—or endure pain and disgrace.

"Belief," under compulsion is not the most valuable foundation for a system of ethics, and the fact that it will no longer "work" augurs well for humanity. No system which seeks to evade searching analysis is above suspicion, and thinkers of this age and time are sure to reject all such. They involve an element decidedly "foreign" to reason and common sense. There must be at least probability to insure respect, and unrestricted investigation to discover truth; and upon these there will be unrelenting insistence from this time onward, by all classes of people, orthodox and unorthodox alike; and the clergy, sensing this condition, are naturally alarmed. Were they not panic-stricken they would not have made the weak declarations which characterized that New York conference, in its surprising additions to

the literature of floundering. There was nothing in this conference that was morally superior to the majority of things it condemned, and its deliberations were upon impracticable schemes.

The first thing to do toward the suppression of crime everywhere is to restrict the liquor traffic within the narrowest limits possible. We have no idea it can be suppressed, but it can be extravagantly taxed—taxed so high that whisky must be retailed at a dollar per drink. Then saloons and drunkards will be few in number, and there will be an astounding falling off in the demand for courts, policemen and prisons. Secondly, suppress gambling houses positively and finally. They are simply the homes of gilded pickpockets. Thirdly, give women more employment and better wages, and thus remove the prime incentives to profligate life.

Even after these things are effected there will be abundant call for moral effort, but not exclusively from the churches. In fact, it is not material whether the people so reformed attend church or not; no is it important to their continuance in well-doing. Nor is it essential that the churches join in the reforms we have outlined, although their membership, in the capacity of citizens, should do so most heartily.

No church has ever performed practical work for the great reforms of the world, however good its intention in this direction may have been. Church work is primarily negative, in obedience to the admonition, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you;" and it being a terrible strain upon the mental powers to imagine a devil, and upon the physical energies to resist that which is purely imaginary, consequent exhaustion renders further effort impossible, and the bad pace of the world is quickened rather than impeded. If this is a mistaken view, we humbly beg pardon, but just now it seems natural and inevitable. Let us have reform on reasonable terms,—not at the expense of reason; not as a compromise of manly independence; not as a surrender to superstition and mental emasculation; not at the risk of such a penalty as was exacted from the Reformation of Luther, in the Thirty Years' War,—but in results which will secure liberty, independence, sobriety, intelligence, sturdy virtue, and the elevation of our common humanity to the sweetest peace and the most exalted understanding.

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing.—Bishop Hall.

When we know how to appreciate a merit, we have the germ of it within ourselves.

The heart can bear many a heavy burden if the conscience is free.—Elizabeth Charles.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites—they must be the greatest dupes he has, they serve him better than others, and receive no wages.—Exchange.

New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Under management of Major Mathews of this place Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings has been lecturing to intelligent, attentive and steadily increasing audiences. Among her regular subjects of discourse, questions were presented by the auditors which were ably answered. Psychometric readings followed every lecture and created much amazement among investigators in consequence of their correct and minute delineations; and especially so when made by the mere mention of a person's name. There was no lack of food for thought.

This closes her platform work for a time. For the next two months she will devote herself to literary work and a trip to the mountains of North Carolina. February 1st she will return to the lecture field with no less Sunday dates before September 1890. Mrs. Richings is a fine medium and deserves the esteem of all good Spiritualists.

The N. Y. Advance Thought.

"Brick" Pomeroy returned from London in November, where he made arrangements to raise all the money required to complete the Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel in Colorado. From this time on he will devote more attention to his paper, Pomeroy's Advance Thought, a paper, Pomeroy's Advance Thought, will fully explain why the Democrats are so often defeated and the Republicans come again in power. In his publicist-stated prophecy that Grover Cleveland could not be re-elected, he proved himself acquainted with the drift of public sentiment, even if he gave offense by so doing. Advance Thought is a free issue, and one with a long reach, and well-filled with new interesting matter. In it appears, with each number, a long chapter of the life experiences of "Brick" Pomeroy. Those for the coming year will be descriptive of the new rise and rupture he was in with his paper, the LaCrosse Democrat, during the war, as well as his red hot reading. Send \$1 to N. Y. Pomeroy, 234 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent to you. Advance Thought is one year, and be sure to save every number.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of The Better Way.
The Society of Brooklyn Spiritualists, meeting at Conservatory Hall, cor. Bedford st. and Fulton street, have just closed a successful engagement with Mrs. Nellie Brigham for the month past, and has engaged J. L. Morse for December, with Mrs. Henderson of this city, as the platform test medium.

GEO. A. DELINGER, Chairman.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec 7, 1889.

Cheap Reading.

We have a large lot of back numbers of THE BETTER WAY, which will be mailed to those who wish them, for use or distribution, at the rate of fifty for one dollar. They will be sent assorted, all different numbers, if desired, and are just as good for missionary work as issues of a late date. They should be ordered largely, and at once.

To Our Subscribers.

Send to F. P. Shumway, Jr., Boston, Mass., for a free sample copy of the Cottage Hearth, a beautiful illustrated magazine, and so realize what an extraordinary offer we are making when we offer to send both the Cottage Hearth and THE BETTER WAY, for only \$2.50 for a full year, when the price of the Cottage Hearth alone is \$1.50 a year, thus giving you two standard publications at price of one.

PERSONAL.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. A. M. Glading, one of Cincinnati's favorite visitors, is meeting with marked success and crowded houses at Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter, the well-known rostrum speaker, is engaged at Buffalo, N. Y., for the month of December by the First Society of Spiritualists, and is being highly appreciated by that community.

Having now permanently located themselves in Chicago, Ill., Brother Moses Hull and his good wife, Mattie, are open for engagements in the interest of the cause. They may be addressed at 675 West Lake street, Chicago.

MARRIAGES.

ROSE-TURNER-On Thursday, December 6, 1888, Dr. William Rose, of Louisville, Ky., to Mrs. Annie W. Turner, at her residence, 327 E. Fourth street, Room 20, Cincinnati, V. D., of American Health College, Fairmount, officiating minister.

Movements of Mediums.
All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.

Mary L. French is open for engagements for 1889.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

G. W. Kates will lecture and give tests during the month of December in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 80 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls at the Eastern States.

Mrs. Sallie C. Seville, psychometric reader and test medium, has been taken parlor at 1115 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill., Trance Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of 88 and 89.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months, 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 388 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAbey, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Miss E. A. Vail, health and business medium, 216 West Fifty-third street, New York City, will give advice in all cases of physical and mental ailments, and the new science of solar biology.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, Slate-Writer, is now at his home, Rockville Centre, N. Y., devoting his personal attention to the development, through his pamphlet mail, of mediums and clairvoyants throughout the country.

Mrs. E. A. Wells is now ready to make engagements to lecture, or as a platform test medium. Societies desiring to make engagements must state time after first January 1889. Address 900 Sixth avenue, New York.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Dusen, trance lecturer and medium, of Geneva, Ohio, will speak during the winter months for the First Spiritualist Society of Watertown, New York. Her address is No. 1 Bronson street, East Watertown, N. Y.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson, a graduate of the Detroit School of Elocution and Inspirational speaker, is now open for lecture engagements. Improvises upon subjects presented by the audience, and reads psychometrical under favorable conditions. Address 123 West Concord street, Boston.

Dr. Dean Clarke, a veteran worker and one of our most eloquent inspirational speakers, desires immediate engagements for the winter months. Let all who want an energetic and highly-endowed spiritual teacher send for him. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett of Meadville, Pa., is specially recommended to us as an inspirational speaker of unusual promise. He is ready to fill engagements upon the Spiritualist platform, and would be pleased to correspond with societies with a view to engagements.

Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the well-known slate writing medium who spent the summer at Campidoglio, has returned to Boston to pursue his studies in the Monroe College of Oratory. He is now located at Columbus Avenue, and will devote a portion of his time, afternoons, to the exercise of his gifts as a medium.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, lecturer and public test medium, will speak in Providence, R. I., during October; in Williamsville, Conn., the first and second Tuesdays in November; in Springfield, Mass., from the third Tuesday of November until the first of December; at 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Fletcher accepts engagements in New England only.

Mrs. Ada Foye, the distinguished platform test medium, of San Francisco, is to occupy the Spiritualist rostrum in Cleveland during the month of December. Friends in the surrounding towns, wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, can negotiate for her services on weekly evenings by addressing Thos. Lee, 105 Cross street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform test medium, will occupy the Spiritualist rostrum at New Bedford and Lowell, Mass., during the Sundays of December—the first two Sundays at New Bedford. In January '89, he will serve the First Spiritualists Society, at Allington, Vt., and make of this a mission, as heretofore announced through a misunderstanding, for which we are wholly in fault.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is now ready to make engagements for camp work in the month of July and August, '89. She may be addressed at South Framingham, Mass. During the month of April and half of May, '89, she will speak on Sundays in New England, and on week days and evenings of this period at points in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, giving a course of six lectures at a place, as she is now doing in New England, or a less number, as may be desired, at moderate charge. Regarding such engagements she respectfully solicits correspondence.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.
Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance, Bates Avenue, near Colerain.

Mrs. S. Seery, 341 West street, Trumpet and Slate Writing.

J. D. Lyons, 188 Richmond street, Trance, Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc.

Mrs. M. Englert, Trumpet, 67 Marshall Ave.

Mrs. A. Kibby, clairvoyant and test medium, 538 W. Eight street.

Mrs. Stewart, Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing, 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Cusna, Independent Slate Writer, 64 West Eighth street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Erie Hill, Independent Slate Writer.

Joseph Schwenberger, trumpet medium, 333 Cornwell street, between McKicken and Walnut.

S. S. Baldwin, Magnetic Healer and Developing Medium, 31 East Sixth street.

Little Testimonials.
"In union there is strength." It is the same with "Union Vinegar." The firm is styled the Union Vinegar Co., and whose location is at 207 Canal street. They are distillers of wine and elder vinegars of best quality, and manufacturers of sweet and crab cider, table sauces, catsup and French mustard. Their goods are of standard strength and quality, and as staple in this market as flour and pork.

Kline's Ink is the best writing fluid for counting-house use of which we have any knowledge. For many years it has been used in the public schools of Cincinnati, and is largely esteemed by business men everywhere. Manufactured in this city by C. A. Aiken, who bottles it for the trade and supplies orders by gallon or barrel.

For more than a quarter of a century, a goodly number of people of the West have been buying and using Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Hand Bags and Trunk Cases, and the well-known manufacturer, M. A. McGuire, of 172 Walnut street, Cincinnati. Reliable work and reasonable prices bring popularity to him and satisfaction to his customers.

Independent Club of Boston.

The Club has moved to a hall in the Berkeley Hall Building, but it is scarcely large enough, and as the Club is beginning to be one of the largest in the city, it will not be long before new and more commodious quarters have to be obtained. Despite reports to the contrary, perfect harmony prevails, and Mr. and Mrs. John Wm. Fletcher, who have been at the head of the movement since it started, have, from the first, been esteemed and respected by its members. They have, to a wonderful degree, sunk their own individuality, being willing for anyone to take the praise if only the good work went on. Mr. Fletcher gives a service every Friday without charge, while Mrs. Fletcher, despite her collegiate duties, is at present working with the ladies with a smile and kind word for all, even when they are maligned, as all our public workers have been and probably will be for some time to come. They rarely make any reply, but say: "Let our work be the answer to our enemies." A worthy motto, surely.

Friday, December 6th, Mr. Fletcher's guides gave an address that foreshadowed more plainly than anything that has been yet stated, the distinctive work of the Club. We desire to make the study of spiritual science more extensive from an unsectarian point of view; make Spiritualism something more than a belief in the demonstration of immortality; for every branch of science belongs to the tree, and every truth, no matter how small, is necessary to the completion of the whole. To furnish a platform where all shall be heard; where Mr. Fletcher can speak one day and Mr. Talmage the next. The strongest argument you could offer in form of free thought would be weak indeed beside what the contrast between two such minds would offer; and thus far speakers not familiar with your platform, but wise and earnest have been heard. Mr. Massey, Mrs. Beecher Hooker and others are all different; each has a phase of the truth; no one has it all. To do our best to suppress scandal; some say because we are afraid of what may be said of ourselves. "That would be a poor reason indeed. It is, however, because we consider scandal unspiritual and unwholesome. It is the idle wagging of vicious tongue inside our ranks that has produced nearly all the strife that exists. Not only don't repeat gossip, but don't even listen to it; it is indeed most unprofitable. We shall have a service every Friday. Those who are in sympathy with us, although at a distance, can become members if they wish, and join us by sitting at the same hour. At 6 o'clock supper was served to a large company, and in the evening the hall was crowded. After music and the "silent prayer" Mrs. Kate Stiles, under superior spiritual influence, uttered a thrilling poem upon "Speak it out," and said "that silence is vocal if we but listen well; it is not always necessary to voice our thoughts to make them understood. There is a power of speech that expresses deeper and fuller meaning, even than any vocal sound we can make. The Quakers realize this almost more than any other class of people, and in their hour of silent communication, the spirit speaketh unto these souls that are in harmony with the spirit."

Miss Emma Nickerson took up somewhat the same line of thought and declared that she held the key to the mysteries of the universe within herself; that the effort of the past had been to know God without knowing a deeper and fuller perception of spiritual powers had now begun to see the God within, and as he was found, acknowledged and understood, so would all the darkness disappear, and that which had been veiled come to light, clear and beautiful. A consecration to a noble work, a devotion to the truth and a defence of the right and all powers of the infinite when rightly apprehended.

Miss Green, a talented elocutist, favored the audience with several selections in costume, which elicited much applause. Miss Abby Barnham, in well-selected words, dilated upon the theme, "Love one another," declaring that she had never seen an organization that seemed so harmonious and congenial as did the Club. Mrs. Jennie Rhind, the typical medium, said: "I am again here, and from what I see spiritually, I wish to take some application for membership. The powers of love and wisdom are here, and the great and useful work is to be done." Mr. Richard Holmes, President of the Spiritualist Society, made a very interesting speech, closing with a poetical improvisation that met a ready response in the hearts of those present. Mrs. Case, a singer of rare note, has complete charge of the musical exercises, and favored the audience with some beautiful evening. The Club is growing rapidly, having over three hundred members already, and applications for membership and for the lecture course on Sunday, closing for the friends of progress in various cities.

As about to add that Mrs. Beecher Hooker, sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher, has been speaking for the Club, and was tendered a reception at the residence of the Fletchers, 6 Beacon street, Wednesday evening. There was a large company present, and Mrs. Hooker, in a very charming way, told of her connection with the Fox girls, a story which she told them for what they had done for her. Mrs. Hooker explained what she does now, by the co-joint effort, but that will scarcely explain now, through the hand of her infant son Ferdinand, a Greek sentence was written in the presence of reliable witnesses, before the child was a year old." Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York, was present and spoke also in a most interesting and instructive manner, all too quickly, and will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the kind hospitality of the host and his wife. Mr. Gerald Massey followed in the lecture course on Sunday, closing for his closing lecture, "The Coming Religion," and will, no doubt, have a large audience.

The Club has attracted full houses from the very first, because it has given the public a chance to hear thinkers who otherwise would have gone on their way without being heard.

Mrs. Colby Luther will speak the two Sundays following Mr. Massey. And thus the good work goes on, and mediums are for the most part, bearing the brunt of the battle, doing the work, and in too many cases, furnishing the money whereby a hearing is gained, while there are few spiritualists who feel called upon to do very much in the way of giving the movement a social standing, which is essential to a lasting and permanent success. Mrs. Bessie Warren and Bessie of Light have both done much in printing extracts of the meetings, to contribute to the success of the work. Yours forever, MRS. J. W. FLETCHER, INDEPENDENT CLUB.

December 8, 1888.

AMUSEMENTS.

Heuck's.

Next Sunday afternoon Heuck's Opera House will be occupied by a merry band of minstrels. The famous Billy Rice and Bert Shepard are at the head of the company, while around them are congregated as fine a company of black-faced stars as were ever banded together. In every city they have appeared in they have made an instantaneous hit, and will doubtless repeat it here next week. The Albany, N. Y. Star says of them:

"They have been many excellent minstrel shows at the opera house but none that excelled the entertainment given there Thanksgiving by the merry men who make Billy Rice's company. The splendid success that it is. It was the unanimous judgment of the many who attended the entertainment at the opera house that the show was the best one of its kind that was ever seen in Auburn. The entertainment was clean, crisp, in every way enjoyable, and in no particular objectionable. The vocalists were in black face and wore powdered wigs, and above them and the orchestra were four magnificent boys in white and powdered wigs.

The company is newly organized, but if Messrs. Rice & Shepard are as good as they are, they will be big winners.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham spoke on the following subjects given from the audience: Why does man claim immortality? Sleep and death; what is the difference? Do I dream to live or do I live to dream? Life; where does it begin and when and where shall it end? If I had a beginning will there not be an ending? If man is the apex of animated nature, what was the purpose? A celebrated speaker made the following proposition: Two things cannot exist in its universe; an Infinite God and a mortal Spiritualism; the best basis for the religion of the true republic.

The speaker said: "The subjects show a unanimity of thought on the part of the audience, which I am glad to see. Man claims immortality, I might say, because he cannot help it. As you see in the egg, just before the life within breaks the shell, the eyes and feet and embryo wings of the little bird; so man's thoughts and aspirations here are proofs of his immortality. He is intuitive. Life, as life has no beginning, and therefore can have no ending. We think an Infinite God and a mortal can exist in the same universe. These trials are to develop our higher possibilities."

The subjects for the poems were: "Dreams of the Setting Sun"; "A Model Republic"; "The Grand Canon of the Colorado."

In the evening Mrs. Brigham spoke on "The use of Light and Shadow, prosperity and adversity in our human experience." The lecture was very fine, and frequently applauded. Mrs. Brigham will occupy the rostrum every Sunday during December. The meeting for manifestations in the afternoon was well attended. After the usual program, Mrs. H. J. Newton spoke in behalf of a platform for an unsectarian home for the aged and indigent of both sexes, and that a preliminary meeting for the purpose would be held at the home of Mrs. Teague (formerly Mrs. Parent). Mark M. Pomeroy then delivered an interesting lecture about London, wherein he exhibited in what respect it lacked spirituality. To close, Mrs. Annie C. Henderson gave a very satisfactory psychological readings.

Fraternally yours, PATTERSON.

New York City.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Besides those reported through your regular correspondents, very interesting meetings are held by the Progressive Spiritualists at Arcanum Hall, 57 W. at 25th street, every Sunday afternoon and evening at 3 and 8 p. m.

On the 2nd inst. Horatio G. Eddy held a séance in the light of day. An improvised cabinet was arranged on a pedestal six feet above the floor, containing a table and several musical instruments. The medium sat outside with a lady and two gentlemen joining hands with him, and a curtain placed in front of each but with heads protruding. Instantly spirit hands came forth. A guitar was handed over and played upon by the spirits in full view of the audience. Two slates were then written upon while being held by a young lady outside, and the messages recognized. The same lady was then taken inside the cabinet and affirmed that she saw the instruments in motion as if by their own volition. Many other remarkable things occurred which brought conviction to many skeptics. Several speakers related facts and experiences, among them Mrs. E. Bennett, Mrs. Annie C. Henderson gave a very satisfactory psychological readings.

The evening session was largely attended at which a number of addresses were made and tests given. Before closing Mrs. Bennett again spoke under control and delivered a beautiful inspirational poem, improvised from a subject given by the audience. THE BETTER WAY is kept on sale at our hall, No. 102 E. 12th st., G. G. VAN HORN, 111 Clinton Place, N. Y.

Mr. Eddy held his second séance here on the 9th inst. at the same place, with a large audience present. Among other manifestations a spirit hand, having only four fingers, played on a guitar while holding the same through the cabinet aperture, when it is well known that the medium has no fingers missing.

Dr. Cetelinski obtained a message from the cabinet written in the Polish language. Prof. Van Horn, the conductor, closed the meeting by giving tests which were acknowledged as correct.

Boston Notes.

Miss Emma Nickerson, of Boston, is a rising young speaker, and is rapidly making her mark.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, the materializing medium of New York, is in Boston for a short time, giving services for the International Union.

The Independent Club of Boston, will meet every Friday at 2 p. m. in Berkeley hall, Berkeley street. Strangers are welcome; a pleasant entertainment always afforded.

Gerald Massey's farewell lecture was given Sunday before last, in the Independent Club. The subject was "The Coming Religion." This was positively his farewell lecture.

Speakers going East should place their affairs in the hands of the Independent Lecture Bureau. John Wm. Fletcher, Manager, No. 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

Frank Algeron, the boy medium, will be in Pittsburgh, Pa., until January 1st, when he returns East. He speaks the first two Sundays in Lynn, Mass. Address care Independent Lecture Bureau, No. 6 Beacon street Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher held a grand reception at the Independent Club, Wednesday evening. Many distinguished persons were present. Among them Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Prof. Dutton, Dr. J. C. Whit, making in all over two hundred guests.

A Solicitation.
The women of Ohio, through a committee appointed by the Woman's Relief Corps, have combined to furnish a library for the use of disabled Veterans of the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, at Sandusky, Ohio, recently opened; also to adorn the walls of the cottages with cheerful pictures and military portraits; and to supply the hospital with comforts and delicacies such as women's hands are best fitted to prepare. They solicit donations of contributions of books and pictures from the patriotic men and women of Ohio, who would assist in adding domestic comforts to the beautiful home provided by the State. All donations (except money) may be sent to the Home, addressed to Hon. I. F. Mack, President Board of Trustees, Sandusky, Ohio. Contributions of money may be sent to Mrs. Carrie B. Hedges, Department Treasurer, W. R. C., Columbus, Ohio.

Signed, BELLE T. BAGLEY, For Committee.

Butler, Mich.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

At a Spiritualist meeting recently held at Page's Grove, Butler Township, many orthodox people made their appearance, and seemed to enjoy our way of thinking, with much interest. Indeed, further investigation. Mrs. Seth King and Mrs. Carrie F. Caldwell occupied the rostrum, and made a good impression on many who merely came out of curiosity. We hold another meeting here next Sunday at our schoolhouse, and hope to benefit the cause in our efforts. MORE ANON.

MISS MYRTLE KING.

Butler, Branch Co., Michigan, Dec. 9, 1888.

Testimonial to Dr. J. N. Loucks.

In justice to the cause of truth and to Dr. J. N. Loucks, and for the benefit of the suffering of earth mortals, and with a heart full of gratitude to our kind benefactor, we do solemnly and unhesitatingly state the facts just as they transpired. Our boy, Pardon Gorman, was taken sick with the dreadful disease, cerebro spinal meningitis, and was confined to his bed about twelve (12) weeks. During this time we employed three of our best physicians, but they gave him no relief, and he was so reduced in flesh and worn out that he was a dreadful sight to behold; nothing but skin and bones, and suffering intensely constantly, and the doctors all told us they could do nothing more for him, and left him to die as we supposed without hope, and we were daily and hourly expecting this to come. But business called me to Potsdam, N. Y., and while talking with a friend, Stephen Grover, we told him of our boy then dying at home, and he told us to go and see Dr. Loucks, for he had saved a boy of his son's family from death from the same disease. I went to see Dr. Loucks and told him all the story and wanted him to go and see him, but he said he could not go, the distance was too great, it being about twenty miles away, and my sad condition and inability to travel, and only being equalled by Bible miracles of old.

THOMAS GORMAN.
H. R. IRISH, Witness to Signature.
North Collins, N. Y. On the 1st day of May, 1888, we came to Dr. J. N. Loucks, Gorman, known to me to be the individual who executed the above, and acknowledged that he executed the same.

L. ROBINSON, Notary Public.

New Bedford Notes.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Frank T. Ripley, the well-known platform test medium, has just closed his engagement here, having given satisfactory evidences of a future life to many investigators. In his delineations, like others of this class of mediums, he goes among the audience and locates the spirit, giving name and description. Will return to this place after his January engagement in Taunton, Mass., has expired. Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer Lougley speaks next Sunday, and as a dearly beloved trance medium, will undoubtedly attract large audiences. NEMO.

December 10, 1888.

H. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

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DECEMBER: Mrs. E. A. Wells, JANUARY, 1889: G. H. Brooks, FEB. 1889: Mrs. N. T. Brigham, MARCH 1889:

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the Mediumship of HELEN MARR CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

I am Frank Castleton, of Lynn. I come to my granddaughter, Elizabeth B. Hazen, and to my grandson, Ransom G. Fuller. I have been in the spirit life some ten or twelve years. I come to tell them that their mother, Camilla Fuller, is with me and is safe. I want my granddaughter to know Levie is with us, and is a lovely babe. Now, Ransom, don't sell Beck, the old mare; she has done good service. Give my love to Parson Samuels. Once more, children left behind, I'm happy and glad to meet you.

I am Christine Philomene Sophie Weiss. I love my fatherland. I have my man and three children here on earth. My man is Gottlieb Weiss and my children are Freddy and Louis and Tinchin. I went over from being burned by oil which took fire in the can when I heated the wood. Mr. George Kaiser wants to send his love to August and Karl. I do hope my man and my children will know about me in your paper. Mr. Christian can tell him. Now, I will stop, I cannot think of more to say.

My name is Mary Jones. I come to Virginia Lee and Santina Jones, my sisters. I am so very happy here. Dear Santie, don't let Lee work so hard. Mother is here, and sends her love. O, dear Santie, our sister, who is married, will soon not have so much trouble. Louisa Browning desires to be remembered to her two girls, and to Fannie Maria. Dear sisters, I am very happy; don't grieve for me. All is bright and beautiful, and I am continually pleased and surprised by new beauties.

I am Margaret Conrad. I want to reach William, my son. He is at present in Trenton, New Jersey. He is by trade a weaver. Now, Billy, if you'll take your mother's advice, you'll let Sally alone; she wants more than you can ever give her. Beside, Billy, you are about the sixth one on the string. Now, Billy, keep a level head, save you money, for five others give gifts just as you do, and Billy, if you take candy every time you go to see your girl she will most likely court the candy. So, son, if you want your wife, don't feed her on candy. A girl who wants candy better than she does the man is not worth having. Now, Billy, I've lived here a good deal longer than you, and know more. Don't you say "tush" and "booh". You were allers my baby boy.

I am James Hamilton. I lived for a long time in Anascotia. A short time ago I removed to Woodbury Mills, where I took pneumonia and died. I come back to Clarence, my cousin, who is lame; and Maggie, his sister and I want to tell my step aunt to be careful of the little one. Cousin Maggie, I'm so glad you've a good choice, and I'm so glad Clarence has work. I am very happy here, and I found mother and father and all.

I am Frank Campbell. I come to tell Darius Lyman that Mrs. Pennel can do a great deal. I should also like to caution him about his friend, the judge, of Baltimore. Hypatia desires to be remembered, so does Nannette. Darius Lyman, I hope to sing for you again, under equally favorable circumstances.

I am Frank Kettlewell. I come to my father, J. W. Kettlewell, of Philadelphia. Father, you are anxious about Minnie; well, she is not in the same sphere with me, but is doing nicely. Father, you will find the ten dollars in the left side drawer of the marble dressing case in the front room. Tell Brother John he must not be so careless about his writing. Mamma joins me in a great deal of love to you.

Given through the mediumship of Dr. G. A. FELICE, Lewiston, Maine.

Much esteemed mortal friends, and the public whom I am about to address as a decimated spirit; hence most respectfully do I bow to you at this time. To commence I must say, true, I have changed spheres of being and life, but in no other way. I am the same J. M. Roberts, that used to be when editing Mind and Matter in Philadelphia, Pa. I can assure all mortals that there is no such condition as death, meaning upon this occurrence that consciousness, reason and knowledge is no more. Life is a continuous, individual entity. In whatever state life and form exists upon the planet earth, in such form it is transferred to the spiritual subject to progress and perfecting in the spirit through assistance of advanced spirits, growth and culture. Earth is a rough type of the spirit state—simply a picture, named real by mortals, but it is not so much real as the spiritual. I am only a scholar in the primary classes as yet; though can see and hear what is going on around. I am happy indeed; am very desirous of making others happy, also with the truth and fact just as it is, as I see it and understand it. I am learning the laws and philosophy of this spirit life in its relative sense as compared with earth. As earth matters relate to this spirit state, all parts of it is but a playground in which the spirit—the real man and woman, learns some useful lessons, developing the mind spiritual, that it may get some

insight as to the true nature of beings and existence. The earth, playground for the spirit, as it is said is of great advantage to the spirit, thus to have opportunity to commune through mortal minds, by it the spirit gives strength of capacities to do good to mortals and also to spirits. Some of the roughest experiences mortals can have, are often the most valuable and useful, because the tendency is to develop growth to the spiritual part of man. It learns patience, contentment and virtues of wisdom and many truths about itself thereby. From the germ or atomic state of sensation, mortality is the primary process of spirit, development and progress. As mortals or spirit beings there is a work to do. Listless cannot prevail with the spirit. All is action—activity never perfectly quiet. The work to do is individual and wholly selfish; but, when enough of the work is brought to completion, so as to be able to reach the enemies of our life out beyond self, then we can and may assist others not so far advanced as ourselves to growth and progress. This is the spirit's natural work towards enmity and opposition. We cannot get out of the shell of boldness until we grow out. Compulsion and persecution may cause outside action, but there is never any heart in it. Persons may do by others as they would desire to be done by, out of pure policy, same (as it is supposed) as some people join the church, having business advantages in view—preferring to believe in a hell state of fire and brimstone after death for others, but hardly ever for themselves or their friends. Persons, therefore, are promised escape from such a hell if they will join the church. But I am not going to discuss this subject here now—only mention a few hints about it, so it can be understood when I say all church teachings and transaction to get any knowledge prevents true progress spiritually, which is the needed condition of all. There must not be any hypocrisy or deception about a person's practices, if would rightly work for progress and a better educated spiritual state. The effect is about the same, both with spirits and mortals. Spiritualism is often spoiled to the individual by self-conceit. True, Spiritualism is a growth from the A. B. C. of it, or the simple rap or other manifestation with the highest knowledge, wisdom and understanding. Spiritualism is but a name by which is embodied (not entombed) great and glorious philosophical truths. It is world embracing—and it appears to me it will eventually reach all mortals and all spirits. It is all powerful, for even its greatest enemies are so only as yet, because they are impenetrable in their wills, passions and mental perceptions to accept its teachings, to obey its laws of life and being and of its public diffused light and knowledge. There is really no any blame to be attributed to opposers—if honestly such—for the reason, that love of life and enjoyments of life's customs and desire for approbation of mankind on the popular side possesses those minds, hence to know, sure, they would live on after the change, named death, would be to them the greatest boon of comfort and happiness, such people could be blessed with, but they cannot see it, and do not believe others do. Such persons are on the right side of being. Nature is all material to them, hence need old theology to keep them anywhere on the safe side, to their own minds and the society of others. They are more to be pitied than found fault with. Perverse education has cursed the world and is cursing it at the present time. The few are ruling the many with rods of iron and brass. The age of reason, of light and truth has thus far been only accepted—sought for by those few, and they intend to make the most of it by subjugating all others of mankind. Repentance and conversion according to the church-sanctification, etc., are bars to true spiritual growth, because such (parties) lean for salvation and heaven upon a myth or imaginary power to save them, instead of a growth of themselves to be men and women, individually, strong in their own forces of mind to do right, according to nature's teachings, instead of following after instructions of men, and not after the light and truth of nature. It is interesting to me to commune my thoughts. Possibly I have trespassed upon your patience, my friend, but hoping you will pardon me this time, will try to be more brief next time, though I have much to say with this medium to copy out for me. I found many dear and near friends in this sphere of being to greet me and assist me as have need. To my friends and relatives in the mortal, I feel nearer to them than ever when in the form of earth. To my companion who journeyed life's path with me, I send my most sincere love and affection. She knows I still live, and would have you send this message to her if possible. I think she will get it, for some friend of mine will see it and send it to her. As yet it is quite a task for me to commune, and no doubt shall do so imperfectly, but every word I convey to mortals this way gives increased strength. I am, however, enjoying myself very much, having no animosity toward those persons who done all in their power to injure me and my business when a mortal.

Courage, when it is a virtue, is the sacrifice of our personal safety to the interests of our kind, which rises to its highest pitch in the case of martyrdom. Temperance fits us to perform our duty to society, and spares, while intertempers wastes, the common store. Chastity is, in like manner, a sacrifice of the sensual, animal passions to the social principle, since the indulgence of lust both invigorates the corruption and misery of its victims, and destroys in the man who indulges it the capacity for pure affection.—Goldwin Smith.

If we are to suppose a miracle to be something so entirely out of the course of what is called Nature that she must go out of that course to accomplish it, and we see an account given of such miracle by the person who said he saw it, it raises a question in the mind very easily decided, which is, is it more probable that Nature should go out of her course, or that a man should tell a lie? We have never seen, in our time, Nature go out of her course, but we have got used to believe that millions of lies have been told in the same time. It is, therefore, at least millions to one that the reporter of a miracle tells us a lie.—[Paine's "Age of Reason."]

"Will it pay now for you to speak out boldly against the errors of our religion? Will it prove any advantage to you to urge the adoption of this new faith? Look at your business, which will be wholly ruined if you come out openly as a Christian. Your friends will desert you. Just be content to hold your peace. Entertain what views you will in secret, but for policy's sake, keep silent." These words, which might have been with propriety addressed to the convert of Christianity in the third century, are precisely similar to those which the majority of Radicals, Agnostics, Secularists, &c., in the nineteenth century hear daily from their friends of the (now) old faith.—[Stoddard's "New Faith."]

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MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes: and the faces of the sad shall grow radiant in the light of Eternal Day; the weary-heavied shall find rest; and the heartily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Bleasted is a land of boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts: the first containing a series of articles by spirit "Benevolent," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read and reflect upon. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness under the heavenly gaze to one of peace in the "Sunrise Land"—developing on the way the stories of individuals and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit-world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I found in Spirit-Life"—by Spirit Squire—a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the vale.

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MINOR TROUBLES

An old lady being late at church entered the congregation was rising from prayers. "Laf said she, cursing, 'don't get up on my account.'"—New York News.

What the Dear Things Know About Politics.—"I see that our friend Fennelon ran away behind his ticket." She—"Those Fenneltons grow meaner and meaner every day. Why didn't he hire a coupe?"

A republican in a neighboring village illuminated his house because of the recent victory. His wife, however, is a democrat, so she closed one blind on each window of the domicile to show that one-half the firm didn't sympathize with the demonstration.

Some one told little Jimmy that when it was day with us it was night in China; he thought that was very improbable, and sat thinking about it for some time. Suddenly his face beamed as he exclaimed: "Now I know, for one day you took me uptown and we passed a Chinese laundry, and the Chinamen were ironing with their night gowns on."

HOW TO BECOME AN ACCOMPLISHED KISSER.

"What is there in kissing?" Just as much, if not more, as there is in eating. The next time you go to see your girl, young man, kiss her lightly and with deliberation. If she happens to be standing, just put your left arm around her waist and draw her to you. Of course she'll be bashful. She will turn her head away. Then you must put your right hand to her left cheek, the hand open, and draw her face around to you. Then look her straight in the eyes for half a minute, bend your head down slowly and prepare for action. Don't pucker up your lips. Allow them to remain in natural repose. Don't push your mouth against hers as if you were going to knock her teeth out. When the lips are forced together the teeth come in contact with the lips and form a resistance which is decidedly unpleasant. The lips should just meet, and there should be just the slightest pressure. Then a little playful motion of the lips by the kisser, and the kiss sends through you a thrill that is unctious to the soul itself. When you can do this you will be an accomplished kisser.—St. Louis Critic.

WHAT BECAME OF THAT SHIRT?

A certain gentleman, an option dealer, who had made a successful speculation, in the fullness of his satisfaction concluded to treat himself and wife to a little pleasure trip to a neighboring city. Arrived there they put up at the best hotel, and the husband proposed that they should call a carriage and "see the sights." For some reason, when the carriage came, the wife was not prepared to go, and the husband started out alone. And that is where the good lady made a great mistake. It was midnight when the husband returned, and it took the three friends who had been showing him the town and the hackman to get him to the door of his room. Carefully propping him up they knocked and then hastily retreated. They paused at a safe distance to watch his reception and hear what was said. The door opened, a hand reached out, and the "happy man" was jerked in "too sudden." Then the anxious listeners heard the following: "Sleep just as I am. Only want a nap, anyhow." "Oh, no, you want," soothingly said the wife. "I'll fix you all right in a minute." And she evidently began to undress him. The outsiders were non-plussed at her gentleness, and were about to depart, when suddenly the wife's voice sounded sharply: "Where's that undershirt you had on this morning?" "Didn't have none. Never wear 'em," was the sleepy reply. "You lie, you did. One of those silk ones you bought the other day. Where is it, I say?" "Mush a los' it in 'the back. 'Splain everything in the mornin'." The listeners fled. When they called to inquire after their friend in the "mornin'," the hotel clerk informed them that he had returned home.—St. Louis Critic.

ALWAYS HIS BUSTED LUCK.

About five o'clock one Friday evening Mr. Nuckeljay was sitting all alone in his office, the bookkeeper and errand boy having gone home. Some one knocked on the door and Nuckeljay said, "come in." An eighteen-year-old girl, who was about five feet tall, opened the door very softly, stuck her head in and said: "Peek-a-boo!" "Is 'oo Mr. Nuttle day?" "Nuckeljay is my name," was the reply. "O, is dot some nice 'little otstie-totstie lots for sale, ain't 'oo?" asked the girl. "Hab!" said Nuckeljay. "Oo sell 'little lotsies on installments, don't 'oo?" "Say, miss, what particular subject are you cranky on?" said Nuckeljay; "are you laboring under the impression that I am a mewling infant and that the proper thing to do is to put me on the head and say 'cootchie' to me?" "Don't 'oo be tress to 'oor little twee-heart," said the girl. "I want to buy a lot, but I thought I would have a little fun with you as I went along." Nuckeljay said: "I have some nice cheap lots out on Hamlin street that might suit you; just come over to my desk and I will show you the plot." The girl walked over by his chair, put her arm around his neck, leaned her cheek up against his and said: "I 'ae 'oor 'little tootsie-wootsie, ain't I, dovey?" The old man was beginning to see some fun in it himself, and he replied: "Y's, I reckon you—say, do you happen to be acquainted with a young Miss Nuckeljay or a rather elderly Mrs. Nuckeljay?" The girl said she didn't happen to be, and Nuckeljay continued: "Well, little otstie-popsie, I flunk you is too twee to see straight," and he lifted her into his lap and began rubbing her hard enough to crack her ribs, when the door opened and Mrs. Nuckeljay came in. Nuckeljay says it is always his busted luck to have everything go wrong on Friday.—Texas Siftings.

Voices of the Night.

Oh, the weird voices of the darkness night,
What curious things they say;
The trees seem whispering with delight,
And their leaves in dalliance play.

A sound as of ten thousands birds,
In some vast aviary singing,
And many other notes are heard
With which the air seems ringing.

Tis said the fairies dance at night—
Perhaps that's what we hear,
And sing sweet songs in the moonbeams bright
Not meant for mortal ear.

Some of the sounds that thus we hear
May be but the echoes dim,
Of music from the celestial spheres,
Or some exultant hymn.

A landed sound as if a shout
From angel hands had risen,
To greet some loved one passing out,
Freely from their earthly prison.

From those weird fancies of the night,
What secrets we might learn,
Could we interpret them aright,
And what they'd teach discern.

For when the busy hum of toil
Has ceased and all is still,
The spirit of the earth and air
The night with music fill.

Tis true all nature seems at rest,
But is she ever so?
Most subtle forces work the best
In darkness as we know.

The glittering diamond grows far down
In the river's darkness bed,
And the virgin gold is also found
Where no ray of light is shed.

But, oh she guards her secrets well,
For in the darkness bright,
She'll but the smallest portion tell,
And leave the rest for night.

And then for those with sense attuned,
To hear the rosette,
These unseen singers of the air
Their sweetest music play.

Written for The Better Way.

Our Spiritual Perceptions.

BY DR. FRED. L. H. WILLES.

In these days of spiritual enlightenment, there are but few persons who do not at times recognize an impelling power acting upon them or feel the pressure upon their mental consciousness of certain undefined influences. In seasons of doubt and perplexity or in times of great sorrow, many feel strong and irresistible urgings to a certain course of action, impelling them even against the judgment or know an imparted strength and comfort no mortal love can give.

These came through the spiritual perceptions, and the more acute these perceptions are, and the more carefully they are listened to, the more wisdom and order is revealed. The man who seeks to quicken and develop his spiritual perceptions, may be brought into rapport with an unseen world that the external senses alone, even with the aid of reason, can never reveal. To his spiritual sight may be presented bright visions of ineffable glory, and upon his spiritual ear may fall angelic voices revealing knowledge far beyond his own.

But there are varying degrees of this susceptibility, and many of us may not be able to recognize at all our spiritual perceptions, because the consciousness has failed to be impressed by them. Nevertheless, they exist in every human spirit as its divine birthright.

We should seek to quicken and develop them, not merely that we may listen to voices from the spirit world or catch bright glimpses of its wondrous beauty, but that we may be brought into closer communion with the fountain and source of our immortal being, so that in our lives we may express the highest, truest, best.

It is that we may be able to perceive the conditions and wants of those about us that we should desire sensibilities acute enough to enable us to aid and bless the human family to which we belong.

Ab, many a suffering, starving soul may be close by our side to whom we could minister the sweet graces of charity and love; to whom we could break the bread of spiritual life. Yes, even at our own will may be standing a thirsting soul with no one to draw the water for him.

Our spiritual perceptions may not be so acutely developed as to enable us to look on spirit faces, yet our individual sphere is full of spirits clad in mortal garbs to be ministered to of all that is the sweetest and purest within us. The inner voice is perpetually calling unto us to give. Happily those who give ear to and obey it, for every act of giving thrice blesses the giver, and leaves upon his soul-life an ineffable record of what he has given.

It needs a great deal of wisdom; it requires a sympathy and love that only the highest spiritual attainment can give, to minister wisely and truly, even to one human spirit, the creed of life, and the living water of divine love.

But through all the ages the spirit of truth has ever been calling to us to become mediators unto others. Whether his voice was uttered through Hindoo or Egyptian, through Moslem or Jew, through prophet, sage or seer, through saint or sinner, it has been daily, hourly, calling unto us to recognize our spiritual natures, to quicken our spiritual perceptions, to ally ourselves more perfectly with the spirit world about us.

The spirit world is no far off place. Each one of us is bound to it by the strongest possible ties. We each of us receive from it, and give to it of necessity, through the laws of our being. The existence, is the fact that we have most to listen to are those that may be heard sounding within our own being. When we become responsive to the divine sympathy the infinite spirit awakens in every living thing. The beautiful visions we should strive to behold are those that glow in every thought and fancy called forth by all that is beautiful, true and noble through the indwelling life and outworking power of the divine in the human. Then, though the ear be deafened and the eye be blind, yet will the sweet appeal not be wanting, or the soul fail to learn that which it seeks to know.

Tennyson's Waking Trance.

The Poet Laureate's Experiences in Spiritualism.

It is well-known that among the higher scientific circles of England Spiritualism made a few years ago rapid and remarkable progress. Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the principles of natural selection; Professor Crookes, the eminent chemist, on whom the French Academie des Sciences conferred a gold medal with an honorarium of 3,000 francs for his discoveries in molecular physics; Sergeant Cox, the noted physicist, and Prof. Huxley himself, a skeptic of skeptics, engaged in a series of experiments, chiefly with the medium Home, which attracted wide attention at the time.

None of the scientists could explain the phenomena produced by the medium, and the report made by Professor Crookes is held by the professors of the Spiritualist belief as overwhelming testimony of its genuineness.

The name of the poet Tennyson has never before been connected with Spiritualism. A letter written by him has come into the possession of the Tribune of this city, which shows that he entertains the conviction that consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially Spiritualism, but in Tennyson's case, at least so far as the letter indicates he is his own medium. The statement he makes is curious.

The letter is in the poet's handwriting. It is dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874. It was written to a gentleman who communicated to Tennyson certain strange experiences he had had when passing from under the effects of anesthetics. The poet writes:

"I have never had any revelations from anesthetics; but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till at last, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless beings, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life."

As if conscious of the incredible significance of the statement, he adds:

"I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?" This is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence, is not only real, clear, simple, but that it is also infinite in vision and eternal in duration. For he continues that when he comes back to "sanity" he is "ready to fight for the truth" of his experience, and that he believes the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests, "will last for eons and eons."

Free Thought to All.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Allow me to add my congratulations to the list, and say that I, with many other of your readers, really admire you for the manner in which you allow all classes of thinkers to air their peculiar views through the columns of THE BETTER WAY, your humble servant, J. W. D., has been allowed plenty of room to spread his peculiar thoughts before your readers. Of course I am toughly infidel to the Christian's faith and belief, and agnostic to all that I consider of a mythical character, for I find living truth enough for my mental capacity without taking anything for granted or for taking anything by faith. I also find that the Christian and Christian Spiritualist are allowed free use of your columns, and I for one would not shut them out if I could. The world of mankind is made up of all classes of mind, and when a thinker or a writer has a view let him spread it before the world and allow others to do the same; and I hope that the time will never come when a newspaper of the spiritual stamp will attempt to choke of Christian, Agnostic, Spiritualist, Turk, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Free Thinker, Materialist or Heathen, from a free expression of their peculiar ideas. We learn from others, and nothing teaches us better than an interchange of free thought of the higher grade.

Bigots I hate, yet I would modify them by attracting them in their stronghold, and above all I hate a bigoted Spiritualist, that holds that all men or women are a disgrace to your columns that do not become just as bigoted as they are themselves. The world has had sixteen crucified saviors; who shall say which one is the safe one or the true one; I cannot. The world has had many gods; who can safely say which is the true God? I cannot. Yet I can safely say that it is evident that somewhere within the bounds of natural things there must exist a great universal mind, a great overruling power, that controls all things, and one of the most powerful proofs of this, our soul's existence, is the fact that we have minds that must be a spark from the great source of all things on earth below or in the eternal space above. If man's soul is a scintillation from the great soul, a spark from the great infinite, surely he ought to let his own soul expand until that soul too may at some time in the ages before us, reach the infinite source from whence it came.

With kindly feelings toward you for the use of your columns, and with the hope too, that your own soul is reaching after the higher ideas your writings indicate, I am, fraternally yours,

J. W. DENNIS.

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